The Outlook

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Hop, Skip, and Jump!

SCENE: a sidewalk adjacent to a Brooklyn public school. Twenty-four five-year-olds marshaled in a double row, closely pressed together and suggestive of prison. In charge, a damsel of eighteen with an air of authority. The little folks stand meek and silent, cowering a bit. The maiden speaks commandingly:

"Hop!"

Each urchin executes a timid little essay in the air. They move about six inches in unison. Then they "skip" a step. The column ceases to wriggle. It stands droopily, awaiting the next order.

"Jump!"

The juvenile items jump about two inches up from the ground and four forward. Then the column wriggles like a fat serpent back to the cloisters, the units treading decorously upon one another's heels. One more detail in their education has been attended to.

The Proposal for a Department of Education

THE Convention of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association, which brought fifteen thousand school men and women to Washington, was the occasion for a renewal of interest in the bills pending in Congress for the establishment of a Federal Department of Education. The Department of Superintendence went on record by formal resolution as favoring the establishment of such a Department, and the President, Dr. Randall J. Condon, of Cincinnati, declared that every possible effort of the Department of Superintendence will be exerted to secure the passage of the bill at this session. This is reaffirmation of the position long held, not alone by this branch of the National Education Association, but by the Association as a whole.

While the superintendents of the schools of the country were in session a joint House and Senate committee was holding public hearings on the Curtis Bill for the establishment of a Department of Education. At those hearings several college presidents of prominence, including Lowell of Harvard and Goodnow of Johns Hopkins, expressed disapproval of the bill on the ground that it would hamper education by a standardization process.

The forces for and against the establishment of a Federal Department of Education appear now to be rather definitely lined up. In general, the public school system, through its officers and teachers, is supporting the movement. The colleges, if not in general, at least in considerable numbers, are, through their administrative officers, opposing it. With the public school men are a number of Nation-wide organizations, many of them organizations of women. With them, too, are the Scottish Rite Masons and officers of the Ku Klux Klan, though it is understood that these latter are supporting the Means Bill rather than the Curtis Bill. The Means Bill would create, as an adjunct to the Department of Education, a National Council of Education composed of superintendents of schools of the forty-eight States. With the college presidents in opposing the bill are a number of Catholic organizations, who fear that the parochial school would fare badly under a Federal bureaucracy. One of the most vigorous opponents of the measure who has yet appeared before the Committee is John F. McCarron, representing "America," a Catholic publication of New York.

The public generally has manifested comparatively little interest for or against either the Curtis or the Means Bill.

Our view of this proposal is stated in an editorial elsewhere in this issue.

"Face the Facts" and Facts to Face

THERE is danger of confusion in the public mind of two committees that are making inquiries into prohibition enforcement with a view to modification of the Volstead Law, and even of the Eighteenth Amendment. And confusion of the two is likely to lead to unintended condemnation or approbation of one or the other.

One inquiry is official. The other is gratuitous. One is, by profession and doubtless in fact, unbiased. The avowed purpose of the other is to show that prohibition is a failure. One is to be conducted by the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic Committee of the House of Representatives, the other by a citizens' committee of twenty-one representing the so-called "face-the-facts movement" and appointed by the chairman of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. The two were launched at the same time and were so mixed up in the news reports as to be hardly distinguishable.

The inquiry by the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic Committee ought to bring beneficial results. What the Committee proposes to do is to ascertain conditions as they actually exist with regard to traffic, both lawful and unlawful, in alcoholic liquors for the purpose of arriving at a basis for determining what, if any, remedial legislation Congress should enact. The inquiry is not authorized by Congress, and therefore the Committee has no power to subpœna witnesses nor has it any money with which to pay for bringing witnesses to Washington. But it has the authority inherent in any committee of Congress to ascertain facts bearing upon needed legislation. Its work will be done mainly by the questionnaire method, and nobody contends that the data gathered will be complete. There is general agreement, however, that they will be more nearly authoritative than any data yet gathered on this subject. The Committee does not expect that its inquiry will be more than a preliminary survey which may furnish the basis for a complete investigation if Congress sees fit later to make an appropriation for it.

The Alcoholic Liquor Traffic Committee is a regular committee of Congress. The name seems strange to most persons because since the Prohibition Law was enacted this Committee has had nothing to do. It has not been moribund, but latent. It happened that the Volstead Bill was handled by the Judiciary Committee, and the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic Committee was temporarily out of the

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picture. In the old days, however, it handled important problems pertaining to the liquor traffic, and is even now as well qualified as any committee of Congress to conduct an inquiry of this kind.

The other Committee referred to, that appointed by the chairman of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, has as its sole purpose the formulation of a legislative program to be presented to Congress as "the best thought of combined modificationism."

Commissioner Andrews strongly favors an inquiry into the enforcement of prohibition; but he wants such an inquiry made by a commission to be appointed by the President instead of a committee of Congress. Secretary Mellon, however, disapproves of an Executive inquiry and favors a Congressional inquiry. As a consequence, Commissioner Andrews's suggestion is not likely to be followed. In any case, some sort of inquiry will be started, as the Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic has the matter under way.

Congressmen Disguised as Test Tubes

AGITATION of the prohibition question has been great in Washington during the past few weeks, and many things have been done, a few of them sensible, the most of them silly. The prize winner in the latter class, however, is the action of Representative Hill, of Maryland, in requesting a permit for the Schlitz Brewing Company to ship a case of beer to each member of Congress in order that they, the Senators and Representatives, may determine whether or not it is intoxicating. Mr. Hill explained to the Prohibition Commissioner that this action would not be illegal because the beer would be used "for the purpose of inspection, investigation, and observation."

Mr. Hill did not state, however, whether a Congressman will observe the effect of the beer upon himself or upon his fellow-members. If the former method is to be pursued, it may be taken for granted that the beer would be held non-intoxicating. If the latter method were followed, most Congressmen would be insulted at their colleagues for saying they were drunk. If an undrenched observer were asked to determine the condition of beer-drenched Congressmen, he, too, would have his difficulties. Beer possibly would not intoxicate Mr. Hill, while it probably would intoxicate, for instance, Mr. Upshaw.

In short, there is not now any recognized method of determining whether a man is intoxicated or not. In the old days it was taken as prima facie evidence of intoxication if the drinker tried to kiss the bartender good-night. But there are no barkeepers now—at least no Congressional ones. Possibly Mr. Hill had it in mind that the public would judge of the intoxicating or non-intoxicating quality of the beer by the character of legislation that Congress would enact while under its influence. But this test, too, would fail. The proceedings of Congress do not seem to the average citizen any too sober at best.

The Non-Existent Republican Majority

THE Senate of the United States has not yet assumed supremacy in the affairs of the Federal Government. Indeed, it has for the moment definitely declined to declare itself the sovereign power. But the decision not to do so was made and enforced by two Senators, Democrats, who refused to join with their colleagues in carrying a revolution to successful issue. One is the erratic and ordinarily radical Blease, of South Carolina. The other is Bruce, of Maryland.

The result does not afford a basis for a feeling of security on the part of those who would like to see the Federal establishment continue as a government of three co-ordinate branches. It does afford a demonstration, somewhat startling, of the fact that an erratic Senator, looked upon by conservatives with suspicion and apprehension, may be in a crisis the rock of stability. Cole Blease has been, for two decades, the symbol of the unstable. His career in the Senate was expected to be a series of assaults upon the established order. Yet without his help the Administration could not have mustered a majority of one against Walsh's Aluminum Company investigation resolution, which, if it had been adopted, would have asserted the superiority of the Senate over the administrative agencies of the Government—that is, over the President, whose agents they are.

The Republican majority was shown to be non-existent. The Republican Party does not control the Senate—has not controlled it at any time during this session. Whenever there has been an Administration victory, it was achieved with the aid of Democrats, sometimes with party approval, as in the case of adherence to the World Court, sometimes against party policy, as in this case. In the vote on the Walsh resolution the Republicans were nine votes short of their nominal strength. If those are counted who were paired for as well as those who voted for the Walsh resolution, the recalcitrant Republican Senators are Borah, Brookhart, Couzens, Frazier, Howell, Johnson of California, La Follette, Norris, and Nye. Most of these have been consistently opposed to Administration measures. Republicans in name, they are more completely out of accord with Administration purposes and policies than are most of the Democratic Senators. Most of the Administration measures that have succeeded have done so because Democratic Senators have individually believed that they should succeed.

Scotched, Not Killed

THE contest over adoption of the Walsh report and resolution calling for investigation by the Senate of the Department of Justice in connection with the Aluminum Company case happened to be a political contest. Most Senators apparently had no fixed conviction one way or the other. Many of them, probably most of them, never realized the far-reaching significance of the action proposed. The Democrats in the main voted for it because they hoped it would put the Republican Administration "in a hole," and most of the Republicans voted against it because they feared it would. There is no indication that a majority of Senators have a fixed belief that the Senate ought to confine itself to legislation. There are, on the other hand, indications that a majority of Senators believe that the Senate ought to dabble in administrative matters.

There is little doubt that if the Republican Party had stood to gain and the Democratic party to lose, a majority of the Republicans would have voted for and a majority of the Democrats against the resolution. They have done so in the past. Congress, controlled by Republicans, undertook numerous investigations of acts of the Wilson Administration, many of them as far outside of the legislative province as this matter of the investigation of the Aluminum Company of America by the Department of Justice. In short, the Senate has had for a number of years the delusion that it has, Constitutionally or otherwise, the

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These grievous crimes

(Richard II, Act IV, Scene 1)

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

This plea ought to be granted

From Mrs. R. E. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

Morris in the Orange (Cal.) Daily News

"I've either got to get a bigger mop, or not be so particular about a dry floor"

From Harriet B. Corson, Orange, Cal.

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

We can't stop it this way!

From Helen S. Pratt, Los Angeles, Cal.

Smith in the Scranton (Pa.) Republican

He's a pretty good neighbor, but—

From Mrs. Fred Keen, Honesdale, Pa.

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right to supervise the administrative branch of the Government.

To employ a homely but expressive old phrase, the Senate has grown "too big for its breeches." It is about to burst the Constitution. Shall we put a gore in that old garment, or shall we deflate the Senate to fit it again?

This is a question that the people of the country must answer by the force of public opinion. To believe that the Senate has, simply because Blease and Bruce helped the Administration to defeat the Walsh resolution, abandoned its policy of encroachment upon the Executive is to be deluded. There will be similar resolutions at the next session, and the next after that, and so on either until the Senate has completed its usurpation of authority or until the people have made clear the fact that they will not tolerate usurpation.

Running to Uncle Sam

EVERY reign of terror has its criminal aspects; but it is not often that a reign of terror is purely criminal. Such, however, is the state of affairs described in a petition to Congress drawn up by a group of citizens of Chicago. It is there confessed that criminals in that great city "have formed a super-government of their own—feudists, Black-Handers, members of the Mafia—who levy tribute upon citizens and enforce collection by terrorizing, kidnappings, and assassinations." The petition cites instances of murderous homicide and other crimes and refers to funerals of slain gangsters marked by the tribute of great crowds. It charges politicians and public officials with "secret alliance with the underworld."

And as a cure it prays for an investigation by Congress.

It is hinted that there are politics concealed between the lines of this petition. Whether there be or not, it tells considerable truth. Chicago, unfortunately, is not the only place in America where criminals have acquired power and law is flouted with immunity. Criminal records in America are a reproach to this country. But why should citizens of Chicago run for help to Congress? Are the citizens of courage in Chicago who respect themselves as well as the law so few that they cannot deal with this reign of terror for themselves? Are we Americans forming the habit of going to Washington every time we want a wrong righted?

Dr. Cadman

ONE day an automobile on a country road broke down. It was dark. In the course of time another car passed that way, and the driver of it stopped and asked if he could be of help. An answering voice accepted the offer with thanks. At once the rescuer asked: "Are you not Dr. Cadman, of Brooklyn? I have never seen you, but I have often heard your voice."

How many hundreds of thousands would be equally prompt in recognizing this same voice it would be impossible to estimate, but there are many. It might not be amiss to put the guess into the millions.

(C) Underwood

S. Parkes Cadman

For twenty-five years the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman has served the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn as its pastor; but both he and his church have conceived of his ministry as one which is exercised, not for the sake of his church, but through his church to the widest possible extent. On Sunday afternoons through a large part of the year he has addressed his unseen audience through the radio from the Bedford Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Through the newspapers he is answering the sort of questions that people go to their pastors with and has made his answers available through the columns of a string of newspapers throughout a large part of the country. He is President of the Federal Council of Churches. He has served in many other capacities. A worker in an English mine in boyhood, he knows by experience at what cost some people maintain life. His wisdom, poise, and capacity for understanding all kinds of people have bred in countless people whom he has never seen an extraordinary but just confidence in him. He has found in his faith that secret of power which enables men to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint, and has imparted it to others. It is no wonder that the celebration of his thirty-fifth anniversary as a minister and his twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate has brought him expressions of gratitude and affection, not only from his church, but from all parts of the country.

Has the radio injured the Church? Not the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn. It has, in fact, extended that Church's parish illimitably.

A National Daily

MR. DAVID LAWRENCE, who won a place in journalistic affairs at Trenton and Washington by "interpreting" Woodrow Wilson, coupled with a suggestion of intimacy that hardly existed, is promoter of an interesting venture in the "United States Daily," to be published at the capital.

Its purpose is to supply an undoubted lack of information by furnishing a complete diurnal story of the performances of our statesmen at home and abroad. Here will come two great tests—one of ability to fill the bill, and the other to ascertain whether there really exists any hunger for knowledge concerning public affairs.

The trouble with our so-called Washington news, which includes Mr. Lawrence's syndicated letter, is the prodigious quantity of surmise one must consume in order to acquire a modicum of fact. We are fed up on "significance" and the Orphic utterings of the Official Spokesman, but are kept painfully ignorant of facts. That the daily press long ago fell under the spell of this mysterious source of Delphic intelligence is one of the sins for which it should be roundly condemned.

Mr. Artemus Ward once observed that Shakespeare wrote good plays, but would not have succeeded as the Washington correspondent of a metropolitan newspaper, because he lacked the requisite fancy and imagination. So it is that we have acres of "interpretation," and not much news.

Sometimes we are compelled to think

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that the great newspapers, as they call themselves, might remedy matters a bit if they would decree that their Washington correspondents should be inhibited from belonging to the genial Gridiron Club, of which nearly all of them are members. Under its rose they bulge with knowledge, which must be (and is) kept to themselves.

To encourage hope and Mr. Lawrence in his deserving undertaking, The Outlook is glad to announce that the "United States Daily" is to sell at five cents per single copy, subscriptions $15 per year, payable in advance.

Golf in Winter Quarters

SAND and Bermuda grass, dry, wiry, and hard, are the controlling factors in winter golf in the South, whither an increasing number of devotees of the royal and ancient and extremely serious pastime migrate for health and recreation while the Northland is storm-bound. In the earlier days there were a few courses here and there primarily for golfers, but in recent years the greatest contributors to golfing welfare in the winter playgrounds have been the realtors, who have literally shoveled in money and shoveled out sand in order to provide for the greatest of winter sports south of the Mason and Dixon Line. That these courses in many cases have been laid out as bait for the Northern lot buyer is of no moment. They are there, playable, attractive, and pretty well crowded. Usually, too, the excellent terrain is in the hands of a capable and Nationally known professional.

With the exception of the professionals and the very best of the amateurs, winter golf has been largely in the hands of the average player. The sand greens are flat and fairly small, and usually require a chipped approach with run, rather than the pitch with backspin, which is for the average player the most difficult stroke. Putting, therefore, in which the amateur excels, is richly rewarded. This makes it possible for the man fairly advanced in years who goes South for a better winter climate to compete on something like equal terms with the Northern expert. Even some of the professionals who play their annual big North and South championship at Pinehurst find the courses troublesome, and occasionally come to grief in the short game. They are obliged to reorganize their style of play to some extent.

For some inexplicable reason, the amateur gets the best results through the fairway with the wooden clubs, while the professional excels with the irons. But the Bermuda grass, lacking the upthrust root, yields lies that seem to be made for the wood rather than the iron. For this reason the most popular club in the Southern golfer's bag is the spoon, a wooden club with lofted face, and he is usually deadly accurate with it.

The average player is further aided by the growing feeling that there is more to golf than merely "swiping" the ball

Wide World Photos

R. A. Millikan

for great distances, with the result that the course architects are putting more and more premium on accuracy rather than length through the green. The veteran Walter Travis, now active in the South, and for years our foremost exponent of accuracy in the short game, has laid down the law that the "swipers" must be on the flag after this. Which means that the steady, comparatively short, accurate golfer has at last come into his own.

The net result of this changed type of game has been to find players in the fifties, and even the sixties, breaking eighty time and again. The slogan of the sandhill golfer who knows his course about to meet a newcomer from the North is, "Catch him when he steps off the train." Champions have walked into this trap, and there are more to come before the Northern trek in April. All of which is good for the game.

The Truth About the Cosmic Ray

LAST November the noted physicist, and Nobel prize winner, Professor R. A. Millikan, announced some remarkably interesting research on a kind of ray which he called the cosmic ray. At all times, he has demonstrated, the earth is being bombarded by extremely rapid radiation from the depths of space. These rays are due, it is possible, to some kind of transmutations of atoms that are continually taking place all through interstellar space.

No sooner had Professor Millikan presented before the distinguished National Academy of Sciences an account of his research than some of the newspapers reinterpreted it to the public in various ways. Had the reporters understood its full scientific significance, Professor Millikan's announcement would of itself have provided a sensation, and a legitimate one, yet many of them failed to report it correctly. In order, therefore, to put the truth before the layman in the layman's language, just as he has recently put it before the scientist in the "Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences," Professor Millikan transmitted a semi-popular account of his research to the "Scientific American."

The cosmic ray, which other scientists have named the "Millikan Ray," is of a piece with wireless waves, heat, light and X-rays. All are vibrations, differing, however, in their frequency over a surprisingly great range. Thus ship wireless waves vibrate about 10,000 times a second, radio about a million, heat 100 trillions, light 600 quadrillions. X-rays are 10,000 times as "fast" as light. And now comes the Millikan Ray, having a frequency a thousand times faster even than X-rays.

The Millikan Ray is extremely penetrative. Sheet lead is ordinarily used to screen operators from X-rays, but it would take a lead screen six feet thick to stop the Millikan Ray. Yet we have not previously been conscious even of its existence.

How the Cosmic Ray Was Detected

THE apparatus which Professor Millikan used to find out about the new ray was simple. It consisted of a small electroscope and a few adjuncts. Most of us have seen in science laboratories of schools a small glass bottle in whose interior a little strip of thin gold foil was hung across a hook, making a sort of

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letter "A." When we stroked a rod of hard rubber with cat's fur and presented the rod to this electroscope, the sides of the "A" stood apart, repelling one another because they were given like electrical charges. Now it is a fact that X-rays and some other rays, if directed on a charged electroscope, will gradually discharge it, but if it is shielded with a jacket of lead the rays should be excluded and the electroscope should remain charged.

What Professor Millikan did was to place such an electroscope under various conditions ranging from the equivalent of no protection to a protection equal to six feet of lead, and he found that long after enough protection had been supplied to eliminate the effect of all known kinds of radiation, radioactive and others, the discharge, caused presumably by the penetrative cosmic ray, continued to take place.

What can we do with the Millikan Ray? Is it of any practical use? None as yet. It is significant, however, that there have been extremely few scientific discoveries that have not been set to work by some one. The rays of Herz lay idle for many years until Marconi put them to work; and priceless work it is. Prediction is dangerous, yet he who reads this may with fair confidence anticipate that much of value to humanity will eventually result from Professor Millikan's research.

The Temporal Power

POPE PIUS XI demands freehold possession of the apostolic palaces in Rome and a free outlet to the sea.

This is the substance of his latest letter to Cardinal Gasparri, in which the Pontiff declares that there can be no settlement with the Italian Government "so long as the iniquitous condition imposed upon the Holy See still exists." The "iniquitous condition" is the deprivation of the complete liberty and independence which the Papacy enjoyed through the possession of the temporal power which was lost through the formation of the United Italy and the occupation of Rome by the Italians in 1870. At present the Pontiff merely has the use of the palaces. The five Popes who have reigned from 1870 have consistently protested that the temporal power should be restored to the Papacy. The repetition of this Papal demand has again been called forth by the continued favors showered upon the Vatican by Mussolini. By means of small concessions the Premier apparently expected to effect a *rapprochement* between the Church and the State, but Pius XI has again laid down the only terms on which this reconciliation can be made. It now remains to be seen whether or not Mussolini will dare to set up a tiny independent state within the capital city of his country.

In Italy this demand of the Pope renews an old issue. Can or will the Italian Parliament yield sovereignty over a strip twenty miles long from the Vatican to the sea? What would be the status of the people within that strip? They cannot be free subjects of the King. How could the impossible condition of a state within a state be avoided?

Pope and State

BUT the implications of this demand by Pius XI reach far beyond the confines of Italy herself. What does this demand mean with reference to the temporal power of the Pope? By this demand does he claim a status of sovereignty like that of any national sovereign? Is he to be regarded as one of the world Powers with subjects over whom he rules as a king or a parliament rules over the nationals of a state? In a book, "The State and the Church," published under the auspices of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council, Dr. John A. Ryan, Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, writes as follows:

> Does State recognition of the Catholic religion necessarily imply that no other religion should be tolerated? Much depends upon circumstances and much depends upon what is meant by toleration. Neither unbaptised persons nor those born into a non-Catholic sect should ever be coerced into the Catholic Church. This would be fundamentally irrational, for belief depends upon the will and the will is not subject to physical compulsion. Should such persons be permitted to practice their own form of worship? If these are carried on within the family, or in such an inconspicuous manner as to be an occasion neither of scandal nor of perversion to the faithful, they may properly be tolerated by the State. At least, this is the approved Catholic doctrine concerning the religious rites of the non-baptised.

And later he writes:

> To the objection that the foregoing argument can be turned against Catholics by a non-Catholic State, there are two replies. First, if such a State should prohibit Catholic worship or preaching on the plea that it was wrong or injurious to the community, the assumption would be false; therefore, the two cases are not parallel. Second, a Protestant State could not logically take such an attitude (although many of them did so in former centuries) because no Protestant sect claims to be infallible. Besides, the Protestant principle of private judgment logically implies that Catholics may be right in their religious convictions, and that they have a right to hold and preach them without molestation.

The claim of the Pope in this instance is in entire harmony with what Dr. Ryan says. If a government is controlled by Catholics, it means that within the jurisdiction of that government the Catholic Church claims a control over the worship and education of others, although it denies that others in any other form of government have a similar control over the Catholic Church.

As long as the Papal claims are such as are expressed in the most recent demand of Pius XI the Catholic question will continue not merely a religious but also a political one.

Marietta Holley

JOSIAH ALLEN'S wife is dead.

Miss Marietta Holley, who for half a century delighted rural America with her volumes, left this life at her home near Pierrepont Manor, Jefferson County, New York, on the first day of March. She wrote many volumes describing the doings of Samantha and her obedient Josiah, covering something like half a century of literary activity. Her works had a wide sale, the natural response to the homely quality of mirth engendered by the adventures of two simple people who saw the Centennial together, and continued to expose their wonderments from year to year. Samantha was practical and Josiah subdued. This made the books deservedly popular with farmers' wives.

Curiously, women humorists have been few in our literary history. But one other stands out. Marian Whicher, who wrote the "Widow Bedott Papers" in the 'fifties. These, too, put man where he belonged, and were much read. "Mrs. Partington's" quaint sayings were written by a man, as were Mrs. Caudle's caustic "Curtain Lectures." Is the record so small because women have less humor than men, or because they haven't

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the time? It takes a lazy person to be a successful jokesmith.

A Fortune for International Good Will

SIR HENRY LUNN'S gift of virtually his entire fortune to the cause of international friendship is certainly exceptional, perhaps unique among all great donations. He has not waited to die before turning his money over to the cause he believes in, but has devoted all but an exceedingly modest sum to a trust of which he will himself be one of the administrators. He believes that co-operation and the sense of unity among the churches in various lands will promote that spirit of mutual understanding among the nations that will make for peace. To this end this trust has been erected. There is nothing new in his gifts for this purpose. What is new is the erection of a trust perpetuating them. His business, the conduct of a tourist agency and the control of a number of hotels in Switzerland, is one which is said to have an annual turnover that runs into the millions of dollars. It is from the income from this business that the trust fund will profit.

Sir Henry is one of the leading laymen in Great Britain—probably the leading layman of the English Methodists.

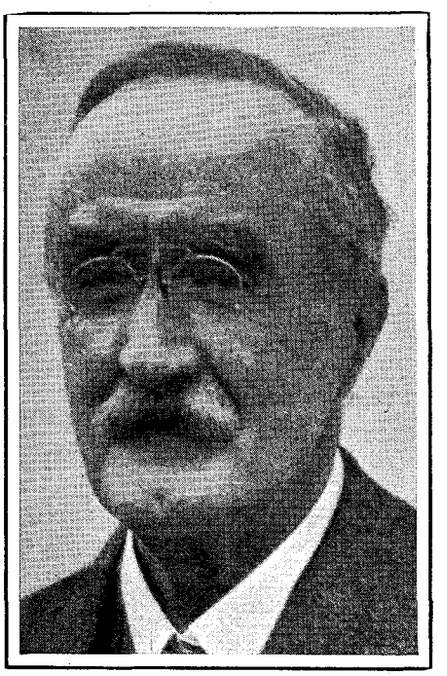
Though it is not true that war is caused by hate, or that merely friendly feelings between peoples would prevent war, nevertheless the cause of peace and justice has everything to gain and nothing to lose by every effort, such as this of Sir Henry Lunn's, to foster understanding and friendship among the peoples of the world. This is the aim of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, which is arranging Sir Henry's tour in this country.

The Deadlock in China

DEALING with China at the moment is like trying to come to a business arrangement with a man who has lost his grip on himself temporarily, so that he is unable to manage his own affairs. As a consequence, negotiations between the foreign Powers and the Chinese Government are more or less at a standstill.

In Peking the international conference on the revision of China's customs tariffs has been deadlocked by differences over the rates to be permitted during the interim period before January 1, 1929, when it has been agreed that China shall have customs autonomy and put her own tariff law into effect. Japan has objected to the American and British proposal to grant a flat increase of the present 5 per cent duty to 12½ per cent, instead of the increases of 2½ per cent on ordinary imports and 5 per cent on luxuries contemplated in the Washington Conference treaties. On the other hand, the Chinese have contended for much larger increases than any of these suggested by the foreign Powers.

At the same time the Commission studying the question of the extra-territorial rights of foreigners in China has found difficulty in proceeding with its task under present conditions in the country. It also has been divided as to the scope of its work. The Chinese naturally seek complete abolition of extra-territoriality; while the foreign Powers are in disagreement as to the point to which they should go. The United States, Great Britain, and Japan are agreed in being ready to concede China more than the nations of the European Continent.



Wide World Photos

Sir Henry Lunn

While these important negotiations have been dragging on at the capital the Government has been losing power and prestige steadily and the country it is supposed to administer has been growing less and less amenable to its influence and more and more disorganized by civil warfare. China is split up into practically independent sections, under the control of rival leaders and their supporters. The Peking administration is reported to be entirely out of funds and unable to collect revenues. Railways are blocked, and tons of commercial shipments are held up, while most of the trains operated are in the hands of the various contending military factions.

Manchuria Claims Autonomy

THE rumors of fresh trouble between Peking and Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, have been borne out by the news that Manchuria has declared its practical independence. Delegates from the three Manchurian provinces met recently in Mukden and voted for an autonomous federal union under the administration of Marshal Chang, without formally seceding from the rest of China. This consolidation of Chang's power as Manchurian dictator may be taken in part as a sequel to the violent quarrel in January between the commander of his forces at Harbin and the Russian management of the Chinese Eastern Railway. The issue concerned payment for the transportation of Chinese troops, and the refusal of the Russian manager, Ivanoff, to provide further transportation on credit led to the seizure and operation of trains by the Chinese and to the arrest and imprisonment of Ivanoff. Russia sent an ultimatum to Peking and to Mukden demanding his release; and the Peking Government played Russia's hand by asking Marshal Chang to acquiesce. He avoided trouble at the last moment by ordering the liberation of Ivanoff. But negotiations regarding the control and management of the Chinese Eastern Railway have been proceeding at Mukden, between representatives of Marshal Chang and Russian officials. The new Manchurian autonomy move is understood to be for the purpose of freeing Marshal Chang's hands in dealing with the Russians and attempting to set up a new agreement independent of the Peking Government.

A further result of Marshal Chang's break with Peking, it is taken for granted, will be an increase of the Japanese influence in Manchuria. Japanese residents there have passed resolutions calling for Government aid in strengthening their judicial, military, and economic position.

A Look Back—and Ahead

THE process going on in China seems inevitable. Under the Empire the people were accustomed for centuries to centralized authority and a graduated system of obedience to superiors. When the Manchus fell in 1911 and the Republic was established, the old center was destroyed. Yuan Shi-kai was the

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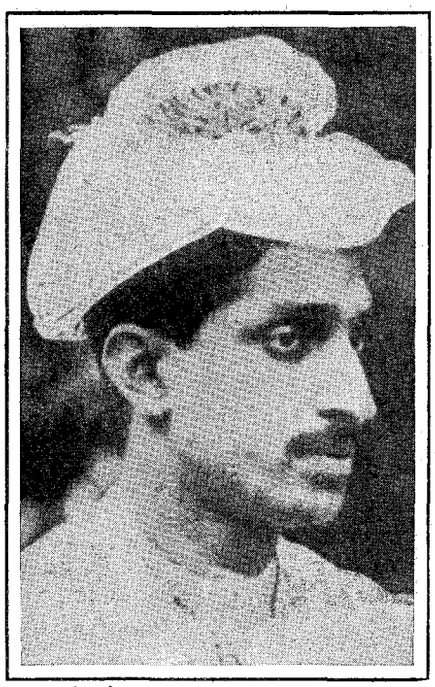
only man who appeared strong enough to unite provincial commanders under a new allegiance. Since his death the history of the country has been one of progressive disorganization through the strife of factional leaders for power. It appears likely to go on for an indefinite time, until there emerges a statesman able to reconcile and unify the conflicting elements, or a commander able to subdue them to himself.

Meanwhile the dealings of other countries with China must be carried on with an eye to the future rather than with any hope of immediate results. For the United States that means simply the maintenance of the traditional American policy of friendliness toward the Chinese and preservation of the integrity of China. A new spirit of patriotism is abroad among the Chinese, which will eventually find its form in the national life. Temporarily its manifestations are chaotic and trouble-making. It expresses itself in trade boycotts and in threats to abrogate China's treaties with foreign Powers without waiting to come to any new understanding. But it is a spirit to be reckoned with. American policy is wisely directed in looking forward to the time when China will again be at peace and when there will again be a central administration really recognized by the people and able to make its agreements effective.

Abduction and Abdication

In Asia the sensation at the moment is that over so paltry an affair as a runaway nautch-girl Lord Reading, the Viceroy, should have compelled the Maharajah of Indore to abdicate his throne. Whatever rights may have been achieved by women in the provinces of India directly governed by the British Crown, no one hitherto has questioned the authority of a hereditary prince over the favorites of his palace, selected as his playthings, not for their birth, but for their beauty. For centuries such dancers have been petted, discarded, and, if convenient, caused to disappear, with no questions asked by the suzerain power, whether Mogul or British. Why, then, should the Viceroy turn squeamish over a sword cut across the fast-fading cheek of Mumtaz Begum?

The girl's story, however pathetic, is common enough. Acquired by the Maharajah as an entertainer, she had borne a child. Enough that in the palace the



International

The deposed Maharajah

child died and that the favorite, traveling with the Maharajah's suite, escaped at a railroad station and was received into the home of Bawla, a rich merchant of Bombay. If the Maharajah sought to recover the girl, what wonder? He was wounded in his pride. And the insult cut him to the quick.

With the mere morals of the business the British Raj, no censor of ethics, was not concerned. Indeed, there had been discovered in Paris another Indian prince quite as black a sheep, when disclosed by blackmail, as his Highness of Indore. Yet Sir Hara Singh, bespattered with scandal, was permitted to succeed his uncle, the Maharajah of Kashmir, and is to-day supported in his frontier kingdom by the very authority which has deposed the Maharajah of Indore. Britain has every reason, indeed, to refrain from interference with these petty monarchs. Like King George, they represent the hereditary principle. They are the allies of the British Raj against Indian unrest. And to alienate such dependent and dependable potentates would be inviting trouble.

If, then, the Maharajah of Indore had quietly kidnapped Mumtaz Begum and placed her under restraint, the Government at Delhi would have shrugged a shoulder and looked the other way. Nor would any Women's National Party, recognizing a Lady Cathcart in distress, have sent deputations to the Viceregal lodge. But what actually happened was that in the process of abducting the nautch-girl agents of the Maharajah inadvertently assassinated the Bombay merchant and attacked British officers who, with their golf clubs, had hurried to his defense. It was this complication that lent a new interest to the affair.

For an agent of an Indian prince or any one else to wound a British officer by deliberate intent would be in any case a serious matter. Such officers are few in number, and unless their persons be sacred their power is at an end. And there was also the citizen's side of the case. The question was no longer whether a nautch-girl has or has not the rights claimed by Queen Vashti, but whether a prominent merchant has the rights claimed by King Ahasuerus. Is the money of a prince and his jewels any more sacred in the eye of the law than the money and the jewels of a banker? Is not the one man as much as the other entitled to the luxuries for which he has paid? If a prince may steal a merchant's favorite, why not his furniture, his fortune, and his automobile?

New Forces in India

The romance has revealed a changed situation in India. Hitherto the princes alone have been regarded as wealthy. Now the captains of commerce as a class are at least as wealthy as the princes. A new kind of property balances the old kind of property. And India is seeing precisely that development of the great towns which in Europe ended the feudal system. For it was not in his own territory, where admittedly he has an authority over life and death, that the Maharajah murdered the merchant. It was in Bombay, where even a maharajah is no more than a private citizen.

The ease with which the Maharajah is disposed of can be at once explained. As a man he is beloved by nobody. It is only as an institution that he matters. And deposition no more affects the institution than does death. The Maharajah is succeeded by his son; and where does the difference come in? Britain is still the ally of the son, as Britain was the ally of the father.

But the case does, in a sense, mark an epoch. What really destroyed the Maharajah was not the Government and not the commercial interests—not these alone—but a rising force with which every one, rich and poor, has now to reckon. It is the force of publicity. In the Kashmir case the authorities tried

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to shield the offender as "Mr. A.," but in vain. And the concealment merely intensified the later limelight. Similarly, the tragedy of Indore has been broadcast throughout the world. And the deeds that can be done in secret without arousing criticism become outrageous and intolerable when headlined not only in India, but in Idaho and Cape Town. The princes of India now know that if they are to keep their jobs they must, like the rest of us, behave themselves. And they must misbehave only in so far as they can be sure that the reporters will not find them out.

Conflict in the League

THE old feuds of Europe are forcing their way inevitably into the League of Nations. In the storm of international controversy which has arisen over the attempt of Poland and Spain, backed by France, to secure seats on the League Council at the same time that Germany is admitted the Governments of the Powers have shown that they still regard the League rather as a new center for a balance of power than as an agency for conciliation. People who believed that the League would be able quickly and magically to substitute co-operation for the old conflict of national wills are learning that the League cannot be more conciliatory than the governments that compose it.

The entry of Germany, France and her allies fear, may open the way for a new move to unite Austria with Germany, since the vote of Germany in the Council could prevent any sanction by the League for the use of Allied troops in such an event. Italy also is alarmed by this possibility, for she is at odds with Germany and Austria over the territory she gained by the war in the Austrian Tyrol. So, although she has not been on very good terms with France recently, Italy has at once supported France and the Little Entente nations of Central Europe in seeking to strengthen the block of League members opposed to Germany by the admission of Poland and Spain to the Council. Foreign Minister Nintitch, of Jugoslavia, has visited Rome to discuss with Mussolini the terms of a new understanding for mutual action to protect the common interests of their two countries, and has gone from Rome to Paris for similar discussions with the French Government.

Meanwhile Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland are supporting Germany's contention that the strengthening of the Allied block in the Council at this time would have an unfriendly implication which might destroy any hopes created by Germany's entrance. The attitude of Sweden is important, since she has a seat on the Council.

Wide World Photos

The compulsive Viceroy

Britain's Dilemma

FOR the British Cabinet the issue over the admission of Germany to the Council of the League of Nations has precipitated the sharpest crisis of its career. Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, who was largely responsible for the success of the Locarno agreements between the Allies and Germany, has favored personally the enlargement of the Council to include Poland and Spain. But public opinion in Great Britain has been surprisingly united in hostility to the proposal, apparently fearing another diplomatic victory for France and the growth of her influence on the Continent. The British press has voiced this hostility with bitter vehemence, and Prime Minister Baldwin and the rest of the Cabinet have been inclined to acquiesce in the public view. There even has been talk of the resignation of Chamberlain because of differences with the other members of the Ministry; but this apparently has had little foundation.

Japan, standing apart from the European conflict of interests, has waited the British lead. China, in the midst of her disorder at home, has taken the occasion to demand a place for herself again on the Council, on the ground that the Orient should have more representation to balance the Occident.

What would be the situation of the United States if we were in the League Council? Obviously, our occupancy of the seat reserved for America would mean exerting an influence for one side or the other in this complicated conflict of cross-purposes. It would mean playing a part and taking a responsibility in European affairs; it meant that from the beginning. The United States would have to vote either for the admission of Germany alone or for the extension of the Council to include more of the allies and friends of France. The embarrassments of the British Government show plainly that America would be faced with the problem of taking sides with one part of Europe against another. We did that during the war, it is true, and in the peace settlement—with doubtful wisdom. Whatever beneficial influence the United States has exerted since then on the course of European affairs has been that of an outsider without direct responsibilities, but without entanglements.

Can War End War?

DISILLUSION is a painful process. It often turns honest idealists into cynics. In the minds of some it tends to discredit all ideals.

This is what has happened during the past seven years. At the outset of his article in this issue Mr. Bakeless writes: "The war to end war was not a conspicuous success." And then he proceeds to show pretty conclusively that there is every reason to believe that the World War did not end war, but rather left a series of small wars in its train as well as the possibility of another Great War in the future. As a consequence there are many who say that therefore the war which we engaged in side by side with France and Great Britain and Italy and the other Allies was all in vain. Of course this is all in consequence of the shattering of an illusion.

Similarly, it may be said that the war to make the world safe for democracy was a colossal failure, for it has been followed by dictatorships in Italy and Greece and Spain and, most plainly of all, in Russia, and a state of affairs in France that has led many Frenchmen to

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reconcile themselves to the thought of a dictator there.

This too is due to the shattering of an illusion.

But the war was not in vain. It was not a war to end war. No war of itself can end war. It is not by wars that war is ended. Nor was it a war to make the world safe for democracy—except as democracy was one form of government or one ideal that existed among the nations that banded together for their common safety.

It was a war for a very simple and definite object. It was to prevent the domination of other countries—democratic, some of them, but not all—by Germany. It was a repetition of a struggle that has occurred again and again in history. Sometimes that struggle has been in vain, and then the world has been ruled by an Assyria, or an Egypt, or a Rome. Sometimes it has been successful, as it was when Napoleon, ceasing to be a protagonist of human equality, became a menace to the independence of the nations of Europe and was overwhelmed. And from 1914 to 1918 that struggle, renewed this time against the Central Empires, was again successful.

If we are going to end war, we can end it, not by war, but either by proving to aggressors that any attempt at domination is unprofitable or, better, by developing among nations both the sense and the practice of justice.

The Difference Between the League of Nations and the Federal Union

THE following letter has come to us from Summerton, South Carolina:

In South Carolina the forty-six counties have considered it wise to establish a State Government. We have found from experience that the State as a whole can maintain institutions, such as schools, colleges, and hospitals, upon a more economic basis and to the better advantage of all the people, than each of the forty-six counties could maintain forty-six public institutions of a similar kind. Furthermore, we have found from experience that the establishment of our State Government removes a great many economic barriers which would stand in the way of the economic prosperity of these forty-six counties without a State Government, promotes mutual good will among the forty-six counties, and has a strong tendency to remove local prejudices and solidify all the people of the State in all altruistic movements. There is no movement on foot in South Carolina to abolish our State Government.

In the United States of America there are forty-eight separate States, which have established a Federal Government, and at the present time there are no serious efforts made on the part of the people to abolish this Federal Government. Even South Carolina recognizes its mistake in the matter of nullification, and, while we know that the sanctified Yankees of the North waged a war against us for the sole purpose of taking away from us the very property which the North had sold us, at the same time the present generation of South Carolinians would rather be a part of the Federal Government than to be out of it, because we recognize that the Federal Government removes economic restrictions as between the separate States and has a strong tendency to solidify and promote the economic prosperity of the various sections of the United States of America.

In view of the above facts, the question naturally arises, if a State Government has done so much for South Carolina and a Federal Government has done so much for the United States of America, why will not the League of Nations perform a similar service for the fifty or sixty separate Nations of the world? Please answer this question in your editorial columns.

J. J. CANTEY.

There is a fundamental difference between the character of a county, State, or National government and the character of such an organization as the League of Nations.

Not only the local and State governments but also the National Government can assess and tax the property of individuals. The power of a government depends upon the power of the purse. The whole history of England is the history of the struggle over the power of the purse. Kings that cannot tax their subjects are virtually innocuous. The League of Nations, having no power to tax us individually, has no control over us, no real control over the State or the Nation of which we are citizens.

If, however, the League of Nations were to acquire, by seizure or grant, the power to tax the individuals that are within its jurisdiction and to collect those taxes from them, then the League of Nations would become a government like the Government of South Carolina and the Government of the United States of America. Until it does that it is in the nature of an alliance and has no authority, except such as it might have by virtue of possession of the balance of power, in the determination of international affairs. Therefore in its present situation the League of Nations cannot perform for the nations of the world what the Federal Government performs for the forty-eight States of the Union.

Lacking the power of taxation, the League of Nations lacks the essential of sovereignty.

A Bureaucracy for Our Children

SHALL we let Uncle Sam turn schoolmaster?

Are we so satisfied with our bureaucracy at Washington that we want to intrust our children to it?

Before we make our schools into a solid National system let us stop and think.

Standardization is a fine thing for milk containers and automobile parts; but is it good for children?

In our Federal Union we have something unique among the nations of the earth. For affairs that are strictly National, for the mobilizing of our power to a common definite end, we have a well-designed National Government. But for those matters which concern different regions of the country differently we have the separate States. In education we have at Washington a bureau in which can be gathered and from which can be distributed information of general interest; but in our States we have reposed the authority for the control and direction of our public schools and for the setting of standards to which all schools within each State shall conform. Do we want to throw over that unique arrangement in a matter that concerns every family most vitally? For be sure that once we set up a National educational machine we shall find it grinding out as nearly as possible a uniform product.

There are bills before Congress to create a Department of Education headed by a Secretary with a seat in the Cabinet. What is the head of a department for? To act as the agent of the President in executing the laws. He is not merely an adviser, a consultant, an expert ready with information. He is, or ought to be, an official clothed with authority. The Secretary of Agriculture, for instance, is not merely an expert who supplies information to farmers. He is

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an executive who, under authority of law, tells citizens some of the things they may and may not do. By his authority regulations are issued governing the behavior of people in the National Forests, limiting the rights of cattlemen on grazing lands, and even forbidding people to import flower bulbs they cannot otherwise get. What do we want a Secretary of Education for? What authority do we want to give him? What control is he—off there in Washington—to have over the schools of your city or your village or your neighborhood? If we do not want him to exercise authority, why create him?

We have veritable armies of officials. Do we want to add to them? We have a veritable tangle of red tape. Do we want to be ensnared in more of it?

School superintendents and schoolteachers, organized into a National body, a National Education Association, want a Federal Department of Education. Yes. But do our schools exist for the superintendent and the teachers, or for the children?

Among the opponents of this plan to centralize our public school systems and to standardize on a National scale all our education, public and private, are some of the highest of our educational authorities. They are disinterested. They are not seeking to create a new body of place-holders, for they have no ambition to wield a Governmental power. Until they are converted let us keep our schools, as they have been, strictly within the control of the several States.

Dogs and Psychology

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE origin of the domesticated dog is shrouded in as great mystery as the origin of civilized man. The races or species of dogs are marked by such extraordinary variations that even scientists are puzzled in trying to assign them to a common source. There is not so great a difference in appearance between the pygmies of Central Africa and the Nordic men of Scandinavia as there is between the Pekingese or the hairless dog of Mexico, on the one hand, and the great Dane or the superb white Russian wolfhound, on the other. But, whatever may be the origin, we know from the records in stone of Neolithic man that the dog has been his camp-mate and home-mate for many thousands of years.

Primitive man probably first adopted the dog not at all as a canine friend, but merely because of his services in hunting. In that stage man had no more affection for him than he had for his stone hatchet or his bow and arrow; man used him or cast him off like a thing rather than a being. From that point of time on the dog has developed or degenerated under the processes of civilization very much like man himself. He has in some instances become ennobled and in others an outcast and an object of contempt. When Byron, in his bitterness towards the world and mankind, wrote an epitaph for his dog Boatswain, he said: "Here lies one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices." Two or three years ago an old friend of mine handed me an unidentified newspaper clipping which I have kept by me. This seems to be a good place to bring it again to light, although it is impossible to give the original source the credit it deserves. The clipping must be old, because Senator Vest, United States Senator from Missouri, died in 1904:

> Some years ago the late Senator Vest was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. He was paid a fee of $250 by the plaintiff. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial, and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each juryman for a moment, and said:
>
> "Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw a stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world—the one that never deserts him—the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come from the encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in his journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."
>
> Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He had made no reference to the merits of the case. When he finished, judge and jury were wipng their eyes. The jury filed out; but soon returned with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $500. He had sued for $200.

The other side of the picture will be found in the Hebrew Scriptures. The dog was so despised by the ancient Jews that even the price which he brought in the market was regarded as "tainted money." In Deuteronomy it is recorded: "Thou shalt not bring the hire of a whore, or the price of a dog, into the house of the Lord thy God for any vow; for even both these are abomination unto the Lord thy God." And when Elisha prophesied that Ben-hadad, the Syrian

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king, would dash the Israelitish children on the stones and "rip up their women with child," the king's ambassador in indignation exclaimed, "What! is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?"

No animal is so responsive as the dog to environment and association. He may easily become a cringing sycophant, a spoiled and querulous pet, a savage brute, or a self-respecting and devoted companion, according to the habits of life in which he is brought up.

These moralizings are suggested by a dog obituary which I have just read in the "house organ" of a department store in a Hudson River city with which I am familiar. It portrays in so engaging a way what "good doggism" is that it deserves more than the local circulation for which it was intended. So I venture to violate the canons of newspaper editing, which forbid the publication with editorial commendation of anything that may be suspected of being a commercial advertisement, and reprint the story of "Mike" here. Perhaps there is a special appropriateness in such a reprint, since some of the feminine members of my household had the honor of "Mike's" acquaintance in his hours of business monitorship. The obituary reads as follows:

Schoonmaker's "Mike" has gone to join the Great Lost Pack back to the land of the dog dreams, where his ranging, roving ancestry course the happy hunting grounds of dog domain. Recently, just before the snow of the blizzard began to fall, "Mike" was given honorable and considerate burial in a little plot under the shadow of an angle of the old stone enclosure of George Smith's farm on the outskirts of Newburgh. "Mike's" friends, whom he had loyally loved as only a dog loves humans, were there to pay him final tribute. The snow, in which "Mike" loved to wallow in his active days, gently threw a white covering over his grave.

"Mike," a brindle bull, was the accredited dean of Newburgh dogs. For fifteen years or more he had been a dog citizen of public consideration. A writer of dog classics, had Newburgh possessed one, might have found in "Mike" inspiration for a spirited story.

As a pup "Mike" started in the ordinary dog way, ungainly, unbeautiful, but in the back of his head was a wealth of dog common sense and understanding, an acute perception, and a great abiding dog loyalty. Scent is the primary dog faculty, but "Mike" was favored also with a hearing discrimination unusual. He would lie with his muzzle to the door and cars could come and pass unnoticed by the dozen until the "home" car approached, when "Mike" would distinguish its individual "purring" and arise with joyous barking to greet the arriving family.

In his dog boy days he was one of the boys, in the romps always ready to take the lead, specially in the swimming feats. He would beat the boy swimmers to the float, scramble up first, and be there to lick their faces, sometimes much to their annoyance, when they attempted to climb aboard. "Mike" so loved the swimming events that he would dash away from an unfinished meal to join the swimming party and avoid being left behind.

"Mike's" historical swimming experience was bucking the Hudson River, tide and current against him. "Mike" had friends in Beacons, humans, upon whom he punctiliously called at proper intervals. It was his wise custom to stroll down to the ferry, await his opportunity, slip aboard the boat, and cross over. On one of these trips, he missed the jump as the ferry left the slip, but he did not turn back. "Lou" Henderson discovered him swimming after the boat, almost exhausted. "Lou" stopped the boat, rescued "Mike" with a pike pole, and "Mike," between shaking off his water-soaked coat, made acknowledgments to "Lou" with a depth of affection that he maintained ever after. He never forgot. Periodically thereafter, four times a week, to be exact, he climbed the hill to "Lou's" house to pay his tribute of gratitude. His last call, a few weeks before he died, fell short. He was too feeble to make the grade. Half-way up his strength gave out. Mrs. Henderson heard his bark of appeal, and came down to him. He and she knew it was his farewell call. He realized his strength had gone and he never tried again.

Never a business man more regular in his office hours than "Mike." Every morning he made his journey down Third Street to arrive for the opening of the Schoonmaker Store. There he took his place at the head of the stairs in the ready-to-wear department, where he had established lasting friendships, to remain a monitor for the business of the day. His was the joyous bark when the bell for store closing sounded and down the stairs he led the procession of departing employees.

His goings and comings were an accepted factor in the daily routine of the city. And "Mike" had his ways of goings and comings. It is recorded that in the hot summer days, when street cars were in operation, "Mike" used to board a car in Water Street, ride up to Broadway and Grand Street, debark there, and then amble home on a level, thus avoiding the hill climb. The car men knew "Mike" and never taxed him a fare; indeed, they stopped for him, getting on and off. It is said that dogs do not reason, but "Mike" evidenced otherwise.

Traffic officers knew "Mike" and respected him. Recently, eyesight failing and his acute hearing his only protection from the motor traffic, officers accorded "Mike" the right of way when his turn came and passed him safely across the street, and "Mike" knowingly and dog gentleman that he was acknowledged the courtesy. There came a day recently when "Mike's" journey to the store was interrupted by his failing strength. He made the trip as far as Montgomery Street. His heart and head were anxious to perform, but his legs could not respond. Telephone calls from friends told of his plight. He was carried home. It was his last game effort to keep his course.

The shadowy line of demarcation between reason and instinct has constantly puzzled physiologists, philosophers, and metaphysicians. The present article is merely reportorial, and not at all philosophical. I neither wish nor propose to involve myself in the everlasting and complicated debates on physiological psychology. All I can say is that after reading the story of "Mike," or Dr. John Brown's "Rab and His Friends," or a book by John Taintor Foote called "Dumb-bell of Brookfield" (a portrayal of canine character which is much more than ephemeral literature and which ought to be in the hands of every dog lover), or John Muir's little masterpiece "Stickeen," I find myself on questions of scientific animal psychology much in the frame of mind which Edward FitzGerald ascribed to Omar Khayyám:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint and heard much argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

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An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

LAST week Charles Stelzle sketched in the background of his early life—the swarming population largely of foreign birth or foreign parentage, the exciting sport of swimming among ferryboats in the East River, the "scraps" between the Orchard Street and Allen Street gangs, the crowded sidewalks of Grand Street and Second Avenue. In this chapter he describes some of his neighbors of the tenements—the graceful school-teacher, the drunken woman, the generous milkman, the hospitable bald-headed Jew, the absconding actor, the inconsiderate restaurant-keeper—and in the midst of them all the struggling, self-reliant mother striving to keep her home together.

II

Home Folks off the Bowery

A LITTLE alley on First Street near the Bowery, in which the houses are tumbledown, ramshackle, decayed, was originally called "Extra Place" by the city; but its name has been changed to "Riverside Drive" by the tenement dwellers in this diminutive street, a name which means the last word in luxury to them. I once lived in this alley, but only for a few months.

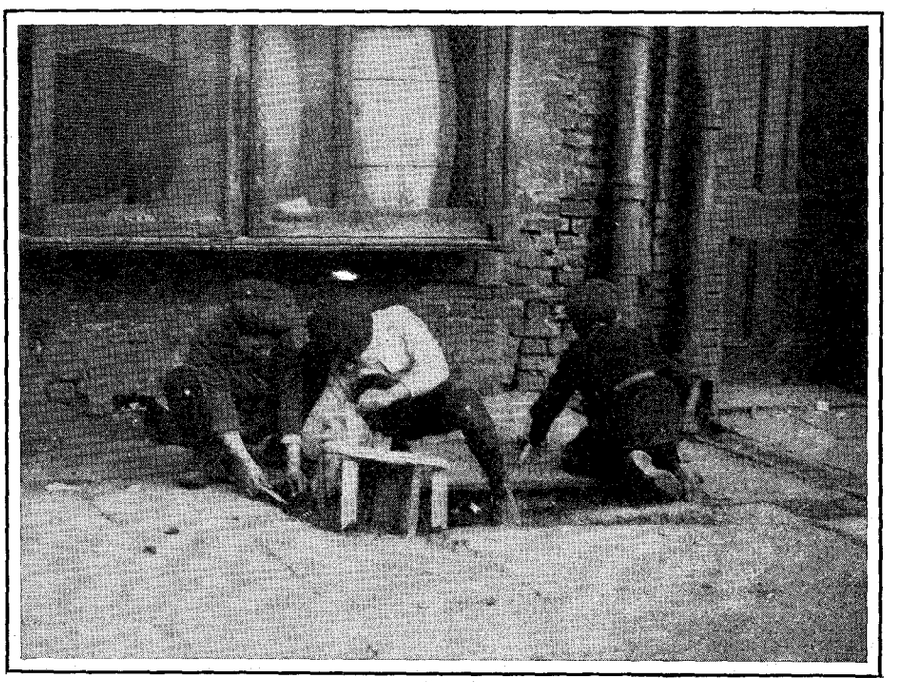
We always lived in tenements when I was a boy. The first that I remember was a very old-fashioned one. It was a big, ugly house. The bedrooms were all dark, and had no outside ventilation. I can still picture the room in which I slept during those stifling, almost unendurable August nights, with its little barred window looking out on a dark, narrow, ill-smelling hall, the scene of some of the most important events in the social and domestic life of my neighbors. Here much of the courting was done. Here, too, the women did the family washing.

There was one hydrant on each floor, in the hall, and, as there was no running water in the rooms, the women had to carry it in, a bucketful at a time, when they did their washing or when some one was going to have a bath, which was usually taken in a wash-tub. Such a scramble as there was on wash-days! I wonder, now, why the landlord didn't assign a different day in the week to each tenant of a particular floor. But everybody seemed to think that the only wash-day worth having was Monday. So there was sometimes a good deal of excitement in the halls. Most of the tenement battles were fought there—that is, among the women and children; I suppose the men went to the corner saloon to settle their differences.

Ordinarily I was callously indifferent to these quarrels. Only when there threatened to be a real fight did I take any interest. East Sider that I was, I thoroughly enjoyed any bit of excitement; and the constant struggle for existence on the East Side lent it a restless atmosphere which perhaps, after all, gave zest to life. If an East Side boy is at all healthy, he is about as "live" a boy as one can find anywhere. He acquires the habit as a very small child of taking an interest in everything that happens. Most of us "East Siders" have never got out of the habit.

AS I look back on it now, I can see that life must have been pretty hard for the women in the tenements. They were shut up all day long in dark, ugly rooms, with nothing to divert their minds from the sordidness of their existence. Every little while you would hear of some woman who had gone insane and had been taken to the madhouse. I wonder that more of them didn't go mad! But her neighbors and friends quickly forgot about her. They were so busy living their own lives that they could not waste more than an exclamation or two on her fate.

Although there were many wretched people living in the tenements, there were others who were marvels of refinement and culture. One of these, for whom I always had the greatest respect and admiration, was a public-school teacher. Her father was a news-dealer, who delivered the morning papers in the neighborhood. Both her parents were Germans of a high type. Sometimes this tall, fine-looking girl took her father's place, especially if the old man happened to be sick; and as a small boy it seemed



Tenement boys playing on the street

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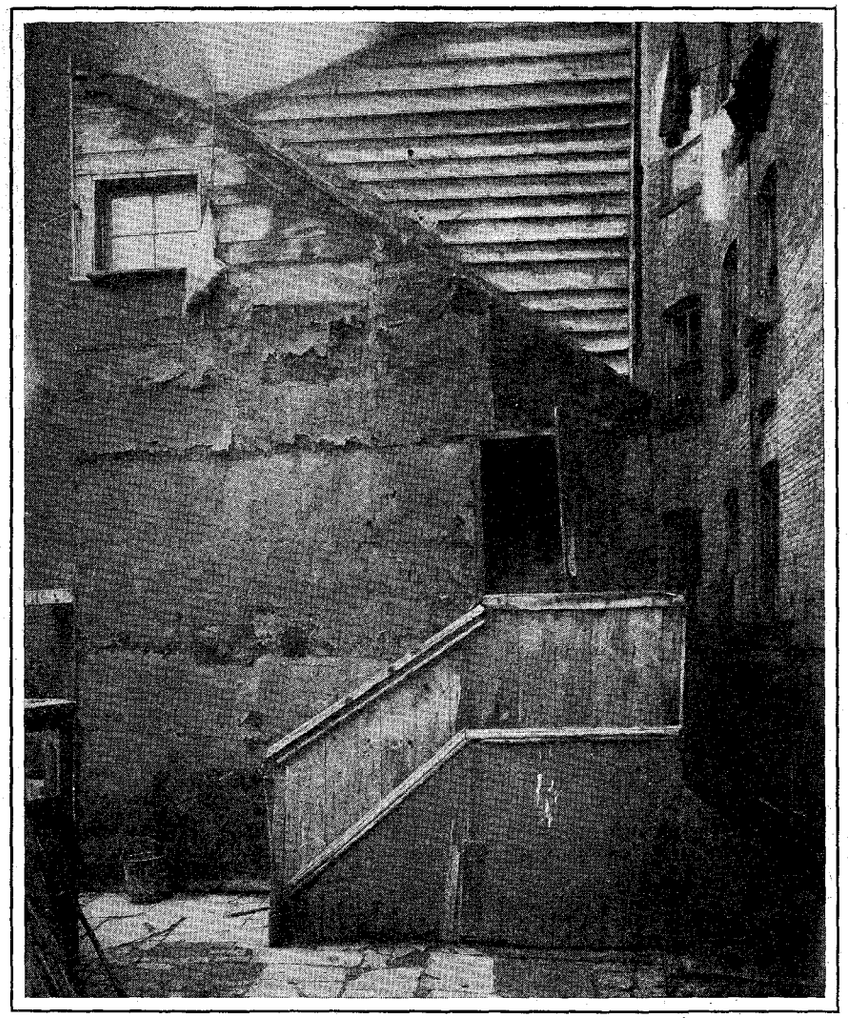

Typical back-yard tenement, thirty years ago

to me, as she walked with graceful dignity down the street, that she was far above the rest of us—almost a divine creature come to live among the common folks on earth.

The second tenement in which we lived was one facing the court, on First Street near the Bowery, to which I have just referred, now occupied by a Jewish theater. There were six houses in this court, and it was the noisiest place imaginable. Even I, healthy, noisy boy that I must have been, noticed the constant shouting and quarreling among the people in the court. Nearly everybody who lived there seemed to be drunk about half the time. The first day we moved in a drunken woman wandered into the bedroom; when my mother tried to get her out, she swore frightfully. I remember how shocked I was. I had never heard a woman swear before. I felt instinctively that it was a horribly degrading thing. Perhaps I thought swearing only a man's prerogative.

We left that tenement after a few months and moved into a rear tenement on Rivington Street near Lewis. We had two rooms there. Life must have been pretty much of a struggle for my mother just about this time. She supported my sisters and me by sewing wrappers, for which she was paid two dollars a dozen. It took her three days, and a good share of three nights, to finish one dozen; so our weekly income was not a magnificent one. How I hated the sight of those wrappers! They became a perfect nightmare to me. Everything had to be sacrificed to them. My mother had little time to stop and talk to us, and we children soon learned to do a great many things for ourselves, because she was always sewing, sewing. Sometimes I would wake up—it would seem to me surely time to get up—and she would still be sewing. If my mother had not had a wonderful constitution and a still more remarkable character, she could never have stood the strain of those years. Many a time she went to bed without her supper because we children were hungry and there wasn't quite enough for all.

Our principal article of food was stale rolls with a little salt sprinkled on them to make them go down a little more easily. It was years before we tasted butter, and we very rarely had fruit, only on state occasions such as Christmas or birthdays. My mother would not accept charity. Once, when a neighbor persuaded her to make application for food for us children, an "investigator" came to look into the case and asked so many humiliating questions that my mother tossed her head and said she guessed she could get along without any help. And she did. I have always had a tremendous admiration for her wonderful self-reliance. It was no doubt her example that made me ambitious to get on in life.

THERE is a great difference between a "slum" and a tenement neighborhood, although even the people of the slum are not as bad as they are sometimes painted. The people who live in tenement-houses are, as a class, just as fine characters as those who compose the "upper" classes, however crudely they may express their virtues. I have lived an equal length of time with each group, and I have had a fair opportunity to know both kinds of people.

There was a milkman, named Moore, who had been a friend of my grandfather, who used to give us a big can of milk every day without charge. I had to walk two miles to get it. Even to this day I can rattle off as fast as I can talk the names of the seventeen streets, from the Bowery to Cannon Street, which I daily crossed to get that can of milk! And once in a while a butcher, another friend of my grandfather, would give us a chunk of meat. How delicious was the fragrant, steamy odor that filled the room when my mother was cooking meat!

I was always allowed a penny a day for my lunches while I was going to school, with strict instructions as to what to buy. My mother knew only too well the way of a boy with a penny; so she took care to decide my luncheon menu once and for all. It was "two stale rolls"—the inevitable rolls! Close by the school which I attended was a wonderful restaurant. It was kept by a fat, jovial, bald-headed Jew, who seemed eternally to be laughing at some private joke. This restaurant had one big window, which was invariably filled with the most tempting dishes. I used to stand and look at the goodies—the brown, crackly skinned roasts; the beautiful lemon pies with fluffy white stuff on top; and the silvery herring decked out with thin slices of red pepper and bay leaves and black peppercorns. This was my favorite place to stand to eat my lunch. My interest in the display of food was evidently so marked that one day the kindly Jew asked me to come in and have some soup. After that I regularly took up my

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Street scene on the East Side

stand in front of the window while I munched my dry rolls, keeping my "weather eye" open for my patron's bald head. As soon as it appeared above the short curtains at the back of the window I knew that I was due for another lunch. My mother made me promise never to go in without being asked. I didn't; but I made it as easy as I knew how for that Jew to invite me.

When the wrapper business was dull, my mother took in washing. One of her customers was an actor who lived in an attic on the Bowery and played a woman's part in "The Two Orphans." He had a good many fancy white skirts and waists in his wash. I stood very much in awe of him. I was quite convinced that he was an important person. Anybody who could act must be a marvel. So I was tremendously impresed with his slightest remark; and I loitered in his attic as long as I could and studied the wonderful photographs of noted actors and actresses in fancy attitudes such as ordinary mortals never assume (and which I supposed was one of the attributes of greatness) and the big floppy show-bills stuck up with pins on his walls. I felt that I was in the presence of genius, only I didn't put it that way to myself, because I had never even heard of the word.

One day this actor did not have the change to pay for his washing, and he "didn't have time" to send me out for it. It happened the next week and the next, three or four times. When I finally called to get the money, armed with a strong determination to get it, he was gone. I couldn't believe it at first. To think that that great man, who could get hundreds of people to listen to his slightest word on the stage, should go off without paying for his washing! It was too much! It was the shattering of my first ideal.

My mother also washed for a restaurant-keeper who lived on Stanton Street. It was my job to get the laundry every Sunday afternoon. I have a vivid recollection of one day's experience with the restaurant man and his wife. I had scarcely got home when the restaurant-keeper and his wife came excitedly into our kitchen, having followed me closely, apparently, and accused my mother of having stolen seventy-five dollars out of one of the dresses in the basket of washing I had just brought home. They threatened to call in a policeman unless the money was given up immediately. My poor mother went through the basket of clothes with trembling hands, but found nothing.

The man and his wife were not convinced, however, and left declaring that a policeman would come after her in a few minutes. We spent a very unhappy afternoon, expecting any minute to see the familiar form of a policeman enter the room. As night came on and he failed to appear, we were somewhat relieved. But after we had gone to bed and the kerosene light had been turned out I lay awake in the kitchen, where I slept, trembling at every sound outside the door. The next day I went down to the restaurant, which was on Chambers Street, determined to find out what had happened to keep that policeman away. To my great indignation, the comfortable-looking restaurant-keeper told me that his wife had found the money when she got home! There were many things I could have said to that man. If he had been a boy, I'd have said them. Instead, I marched out of the place and never went to the Zimmermans' again for washing.

As a boy, Charles Stelzle was twice arrested. In the next installment he tells why, and describes his getting out into the world

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Prosperity on Wheels

By Don C. Seitz

Here is an article that he who rides should read

THE perennial American inquiry is, How long will prosperity last? I make bold to answer that it will endure for a long time; not because of booms or exceptional enterprise, but from evenness of money flow. True prosperity is not found in swelling savings or enhancement of great fortunes. Indeed, both are factors that hamper it. In no way could it be better insured than to have all hands spend their money as fast as received. If this sounds thriftless, make the most of it!

It has been customary to laugh at the farmer and laborer in tight times for turning toward greenbacks and free silver to remedy the cravings of their pocketbooks. Money hunger is real agony, like that yearning for meat which the Gold Coast Africans call "mahgrubi." It is something easily appeased by movements of currency from one hand to another, especially if there are no breaks in the movement. That free silver would have depreciated buying and earning power made no difference to the men who followed Bryan. They had money hunger and yearned for the "feel" of it. So did the early greenbackers. They, of course, did not know that there was no way by which greenbacks could reach their empty pockets save by a process that would have made them emptier. We have seen it operate in Russia and Germany with destructive consequences, and can watch its processes now in France. The method is for a government to meet its obligations by issuing more currency—fiat money—which will not remain ruble, mark, franc, or dollar, no matter how it may be labeled. The credit of a government is no better than that of an individual when it takes to paying in promises.

It is easy to make printing-press money plentiful, but not to keep it valuable. Fortunately, the United States is beyond the need of quack methods for producing prosperity, though not without the machinery. Through the Federal Reserve Banking System it can create currency by the billion—backed by gold—and then go so low as to have but a 25 per cent margin against it, as was done in days of inflation following the war, during which the dollar stood at 100 cents—except in Canada. There is no likelihood that such an expansion will be needed again. Indeed, the Federal Reserve's business is at a low ebb. It can sell but little more than one-tenth of its gilt-edged credit.

This, however, is an aside. Our present prosperity has behind it, of course, the fact that during the war we were able to pay our debts in goods at a vast profit, and, on top of this, to lend or invest probably $20,000,000,000 abroad. So a constant flood of interest and dividend money is coming our way that formerly flowed in the opposite direction. The foreign debts owed our Government are not charged up as assets, but as a source of income. Uncle Sam keeps no capital account. All that comes in is income, and goes in mitigation of taxation. So this is likely to drop lower each year.

MUCH of the taxation comes back in payment of interest on our own $20,000,000,000 or so of Liberty Bonds, and aids in the money flow; hence helps to that extent to stabilize prosperity. Beyond this, however, are two much more important factors—good roads and the automobile. Of the former we have constructed, so far, about 500,000 miles—almost double the total railway mileage of the country; and of the latter, probably 15,000,000 are in daily use. Each one distributes money. By far the greater part of them are used for convenience or pleasure. In pursuit of the latter they seek new byways, new scenery, new neighborhoods. The garage, the gasoline station, and the eating-place are there to meet them, each to take its toll.

It is not possible to gauge accurately the expenditure as a whole, but Governor Ralph O. Brewster, of Maine, whose Legislature should change his name to "Booster," is authority for the statement that auto tourist travelers brought $75,000,000 into the State last year. Maine has enjoyed less money flow for years than any State in the Union. It now shares in the flood. The dollars drift around and spread a covering of prosperity, just as oil distributes itself by capillary attraction. We have seen what the auto has done for Florida. Better than booms, however, are the dollars left at the wayside farm for a basket of fruit or vegetables, for a few dozen eggs and a jar of honey. We may even indorse the purchase of a gallon of cider in season, properly doctored to keep it from kicking on the way home. I know one vender, happily situated at a country crossroads, who took in $80,000 in sales last year, the bulk of which went back to the farmers of his neighborhood, to whom a decade ago dollars were as scarce as hen's teeth.

WHEREVER a good road goes prosperity follows. This was the lure that laid many miles of profitless rails in the sixties and seventies, and brought on poverty and panic. This time it is different. The good roads are not built by stock jobbers, to collapse in value and bring on ruin. They are constructed on a sound public credit, maintained and, in a good part, paid for by the tax on autos and gasoline, and constitute an asset, not a liability. Besides, they are built to last. Then it is that almost magic results follow. Tumble-down villages speed up. Houses and barns along the way are repaired and painted. Fruit growing and farming pick up, and all the adjacency rejoices. Travel grows fifty and a hundred—and sometimes a thousand—fold. And with it comes the dollar!

There remains to be built about 2,000,000 miles of good roads in the United States before the whole country is on an equal footing. Following the trunk-line policy inaugurated a dozen years ago in Connecticut, largely at my own initiative, and after a hard conflict with reactionary politicians, the result has spread over the country at large. The towns build to the trunk routes, and the complete network is fast being perfected to the universal benefit.

Cost has ceased to be a factor. "Poor States" have joined the procession—notably in Maine, which has profited as above. In Connecticut the revenue from licenses, fines, and gasoline tax far exceeds the outlay upon roads, though this has been made with a lavish hand at the rate of something like $5,000,000 yearly. The roads now built cost about four times as much as at the beginning of the

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movement, but they are better, broader, more lasting, and more easily financed. Their building distributes much money, their use much more.

So it is safe to prophesy an enduring prosperity, if the country will keep out of war and not invest too much in the over-capitalizing of earning power. The fundamentals are sound, and not based upon the whims of trade. Money is in motion. Keep it moving.

Incidentally, the railroads are "coming back." They have overcome their war-time extravagances, pulled themselves together, and taken up the slack. The motor is becoming less of a rival, and more of a feeder. They will build no more lines, but the trunks in use will do more business than ever. Every long-haul road in America is a good investment.

How Red Tape Makes Reds

By HENRY W. JESSUP

SMALL taxpayers and big corporations have the same story to tell of their dealings with the Government. What can we do to get Uncle Sam to keep honest books and pay honest debts?

"IT was a rotten deal."

These were the words of a young fellow of Italian birth who at the time the United States entered the Great War had a good position as a mechanic in the Navy Yard with a number of others in like employ. They were told by the Federal officer that if they would volunteer their jobs would be held for them. He became a machine-gun gunner in the Seventy-seventh Division and was overseas and in service for about two years; upon his return, applying for his job, he was told that the Government would not be as busy after the war and that there were thousands of men making similar claims, and that there was "nothing doing." With a wife and two children to support on the faith of the Government's promise, he is now shining shoes!

On the basis of the first perplexing income-tax return, after the law in that respect went into operation, A was notified that he had overpaid his obligation to the Government in the amount of $2.34. B, a trustee of half a dozen estates, informed me just before his death that, in respect to these various estates and owing to the extreme conscientiousness with which he had answered the intricate and confusing questions on the blank, he had upwards of $12,000 due from the United States as agreed refunds to these various estates in the aggregate.

Not one of these amounts has ever been paid by the Government, although repeated requests therefor have been made.

Just Two Years Late

IN a small estate, in which I knew all the particulars, a little tumbledown shack on the shores of a lake in northern New York, used simply as a shelter and a summer camp, was left to one of the children specifically, she being the one who most enjoyed going to that lake in summer. For the purpose of the estate tax to the Government I wrote to the nearest National bank and asked them to send their mortgage-loan appraiser to appraise the property, which he did, and I paid the tax to the State of New York on the basis of that appraisal, which was accepted, and used the same valuation in figuring the estate tax to the United States.

The parties being all of full age, we arranged for distribution in a very short time, and this girl took part of her moneys and modernized the shack and the furniture and made a habitable place of it. Two years later, and after the estate was all settled up, the Treasury Department sent an inspector or detective or investigator, or whatever they call them, to see me, who solemnly announced that we had defrauded the Govment; that he had specially visited and examined this devised real estate and the building thereon, and that our valuation was grossly inadequate. By casual queryings I elicited the fact that his examination of the premises was long subsequent to the rehabilitation thereof by the additional moneys expended by the devisee, and I so informed him. He was adamant; he had made his appraisal and reported it to the Government, and any attack upon his accuracy might involve his official repute and standing, and he would not recede from his position. He insisted that an additional tax of $100 more or less must be paid on the basis of his valuation of that property. I was constrained to advise the beneficiary that the tax was outrageous, that upon the examination of the facts it could be proved to be a pure hold-up demand, but that it would cost her at least $250 to prove her good faith, and, as usual, the amount was not sufficiently great to warrant the expense of litigation, and so the estate which had made the return, and herself who had received the property, and myself who stood as sponsor for the honorable conduct of the estate affairs before the Government were all put in a position of having sought to defraud the Government, and she paid the tax rather than fight.

Twice Paid

A MEMBER of the American Bar Association, a man of the highest standing, representing a corporation in the West which had a controversy with the Government with respect to the amount of its tax for a given year, stipulated with the Government to pay $50,000 down, the balance either way to be adjusted after the investigation of the figures had been completed. This took the usual three years of deliberate and irritatingly dilatory procedure on the part of the bureaucracy at Washington, with the result that a balance, as I recall it, of, say, $3,000 was found to be due from the corporation, and a check for the balance was forwarded to Washington. By the crass and unbelievable idiocy of some bureaucrat, the company was requested to forward the other $50,000. The lawyer went to Washington and asserted that it had been paid. This bureaucrat announced to him that he believed some such sum had been paid some years previously, but that the payment was a "voluntary payment," that the time to make any request relative thereto to have it applied upon this particular tax as then adjusted had expired. In other words, that the company was out $50,000 and must pay it over again! The assertion was so inconceivably illegal and unfounded that he spent several weeks in Washington kicking his heels in various departments or offices, damning his way from one subordinate to the next higher subordinate, and finally reached headquarters, where he secured at last a reluctant recession of the Government from this intolerable and dishonest de-

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mand, and the corporation was credited with the $50,000. The bureaucratic attitude doubtless cost the company some substantial fee for the fortnight service of learned counsel, who had to take the trip to Washington to correct this bureaucratic outrage.

These instances, all of which are authentic, relate to the Federal Government. I will only cite one instance of like dishonesty by a municipal government years ago. The school-teachers of New York had their pay held up for months while certain heads of departments, including the Comptroller's office, were involved in some dispute as to their relative rights or importance; and while these checks for salaries earned by these underpaid teachers were being held up many of these teachers who were living from week to week on their stipend were put out of their lodgings or were forced to incur humiliating obligations to their landladies, or to their grocer or butcher, while some political controversy was being adjusted.

The States Do Better

In respect to State governments, my professional experience has been that, on the whole, the affairs of the States as creditors of the citizens of the State have been fairly, expeditiously, and honestly administered, except only in respect to the bureaucratic management of the procedure incident to the transfer tax. In respect to this, instances are frequent in the experience of every lawyer arising out of the question of valuations of specific assets, the controversies, however, continuing only for that period that elapses until a court of last resort has made a hard and fast rule by which the department feels bound. But, between the Legislature, with new acts, and the courts, with new decisions, the law is never certain. Estates prejudiced by the application of the rule fixed by the department in the interim can rarely afford to assert their rights and litigate them unless the estate is very large, because since the tax is based on percentages, which doubtless are as a rule reasonably low, the amount of the tax in a particular case and with respect to a particular asset is generally about the amount of the minimum legal fees which would be required by attorneys for conducting the litigated proceeding to correct the tax.

The difficulty in dealing with the United States Government or with any government in disputing a liability to that government arises out of the fact that the law, in the administration of which these controversies arise, imposes penalties on the recalcitrant taxpayer. He is threatened with penal interest and with possible imprisonment if he fails to pay; and if he pays first and fights afterwards it may take him years of endeavor to recover the amount if it be found that it was improperly demanded by the Government, and such repayment may have to be secured ultimately, not by mere judicial process and obedience to the order of a court, but as a result of the exertion of political influence exerted upon some particular bureaucrat.

The Cost of Lost Papers

In one instance the Government, before a matter became litigated, adjusted the righteous demand of an estate and fixed the amount of the refund to which it was entitled at *x* hundred thousand dollars. By the accident or expedient of having the papers relating to this adjustment placed upon the desk of clerk 2004 on one side of an aisle of one of the departmental offices instead of upon the desk of clerk 2005 on the other side of the aisle the papers were reported "lost," and the amount has not yet been repaid. The proceeding was commenced *de novo,* although after some four months clerk 2004 called somebody's attention to the fact that the papers on his desk must belong somewhere else, as he didn't know anything about them; which reminds us of the story in "Punch" of a member of a conservative British club who called the attention of the honorary secretary to the fact that that gentleman on the other side of the fireplace had been dead three days, and that "really, you know, something ought to be done about it."

One final instance: A lawyer made a personal return in which he claimed as a loss a fee which he had earned and had failed to collect during that year, and in proof of the loss he referred to the judgment against the client, fixing the value of the fee, and to the fact that execution had been issued and returned unsatisfied. The Department ruled that the loss had occurred several years previously, when he had presented his bill and it had not been paid! Will any business man assume for a moment that if such claim had been made in that previous year the Government would not of course, and properly, have claimed that the loss could not be deemed to have been incurred until every effort had been exhausted, that the law afforded, to collect the bill?

What do these instances tend to show to thinking men?

They show, in the first place, that we are in the grip of a bureaucracy, that we are being governed by members of the Great Still Life organization in Washington, and that it is only in unusual, extraordinary cases, and those involving large amounts, that the real officers of the Government whose duty it is to administer these affairs even become aware of the pending issue which has arisen under the application of red-tape rules by which the bureaucracy feel themselves to be bound, under penalty of dismissal.

"I'd lose my job if I changed this ruling," is deemed an all-sufficient answer to one clamoring for his rights.

Another extraordinary result is that persons who have become familiar on the side of the Government with the administration of this red-tape tyranny resign and announce to the public that they are qualified as special experts in the unraveling thereof. So for a time lawyers and persons interested were flooded with circulars from A, B, and X promising for a contingent fee to secure for them the return of moneys which the correspondent said he *knew* had been improperly overpaid. But on what theory other than dishonesty of the Government can it be explained why these sums had not been returned? Why, when the Government has notified some humble taxpayer that it owes him $2.34, it should never offer to repay him that amount? To collect it would cost him $250 if he went into the courts! The State of New York doesn't deal with its taxpayers that way.

The incident with which I commenced, of the poor fellow who volunteered so that his wife might have the benefit of his assignment of pay and possible war insurance if he was killed, and the assurance that when he came back he would have his old job, is not, I regret to say, an isolated instance, and I was shocked by the bitterness of the feelings expressed by that poor bootblack with regard to the Government of the United States, which didn't fulfill the promise made in its behalf by one of its officers in uniform.

The Seeds of Revolution

Can we, then, wonder that his mind and heart and those of others in like situation offer a fertile soil in which the seeds of, call it Socialism, Bolshevism, or Anarchism, may germinate and bring forth the red fruit of revolution? Every one connected with the work of Americanization knows that there are many going to and fro in the land anxious and eager to sow such seeds. The resentment aroused by the refusal of the Government to provide of its own accord a system of honest bookkeeping and honest debt-paying acts as a fertilizer for such seeds of discontent.

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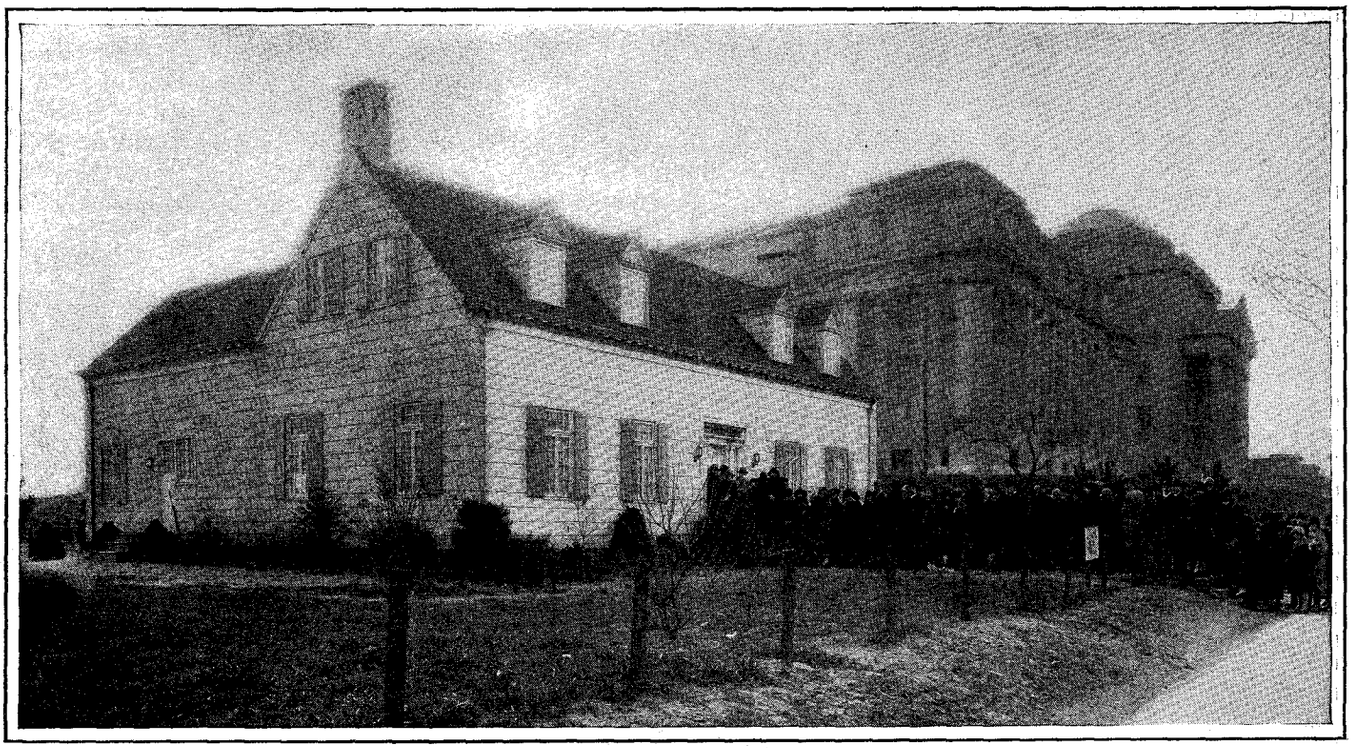

Photograph from American-French Home Committee

Thousands of people visited this model electric home before it left Brooklyn to voyage to France. In Paris, section by section, it was reassembled to show Frenchwomen housekeeping à l'Américaine

Our Electrical Homes

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

TO the householder the servant problem presents itself in three distinct forms. The first question is how to keep the cost of service within bounds. The second is how to make your servants contented and non-migratory. The third is how to get along comfortably without them if you have to. Can it be that the millennium is on the point of arrival with respect to all three phases of this problem? Here are two recent items of intelligence that encourage me to think it is:

On December 3, 1925, Professor S. Parker Smith, of Glasgow, read a paper before the Institution of Electrical Engineers in which he described his personal experience with an "all-electric house." He dispenses entirely with gas, coal, and other fuels in his home, the heating, cooking, hot water, lighting, and power for various appliances being all furnished by electricity. He has installed a tank in which water is heated between the hours of 11 P.M. and 8 A.M., when special low rates for electric current prevail, and it is so constructed that the water remains hot all day. The total cost of the electrical energy supplied to his ten-room house in a year was £43 8*s*.—less than two hundred dollars. Absence of coal fires enabled him to get along with one less servant, which more than paid his entire bill for electricity!

Photo from Society for Electrical Development

The New Technique of House Wiring

Note the single strip of flooring taken up, the flexible steel cable, and the floor sheet in the foreground to catch the dirt and prevent the tools from scratching the floor

Of course, this example applies only *mutatis mutandis* to America, where most homes of well-to-do people are centrally heated (though our intermittent furnace man is in some communities almost as costly as the maid who formerly carried the Scottish professor's "coals"), and where the kilowatt-hour costs more than in Britain. But consider a case nearer home:

"Freeport, Illinois," says a news paragraph, "is enjoying the thrill of an oversupply of domestic servants. The employment agency of the Chamber of Commerce has just issued a report which reveals that twice as many women file applications for housework as there are places available. This over-supply, according to Miss Marion Haren, employment director of the Chamber of Commerce, is due to the fact that the majority of Freeport homes are now well equipped with electrical labor-saving devices. With dish-washers, motor-driven washing-machines, ironing-machines, sweepers, and so forth, all electrically operated, the home-makers of Freeport find the labor of housework so reduced that they can readily do without maids and still enjoy life."

The relative contentment of the servant in the home where things are done electrically may be taken for granted, and has, moreover, been dilated upon in the housekeeping magazines. Therefore it appears that, not only in America, where the servant problem is an old story, but also overseas, where it is an

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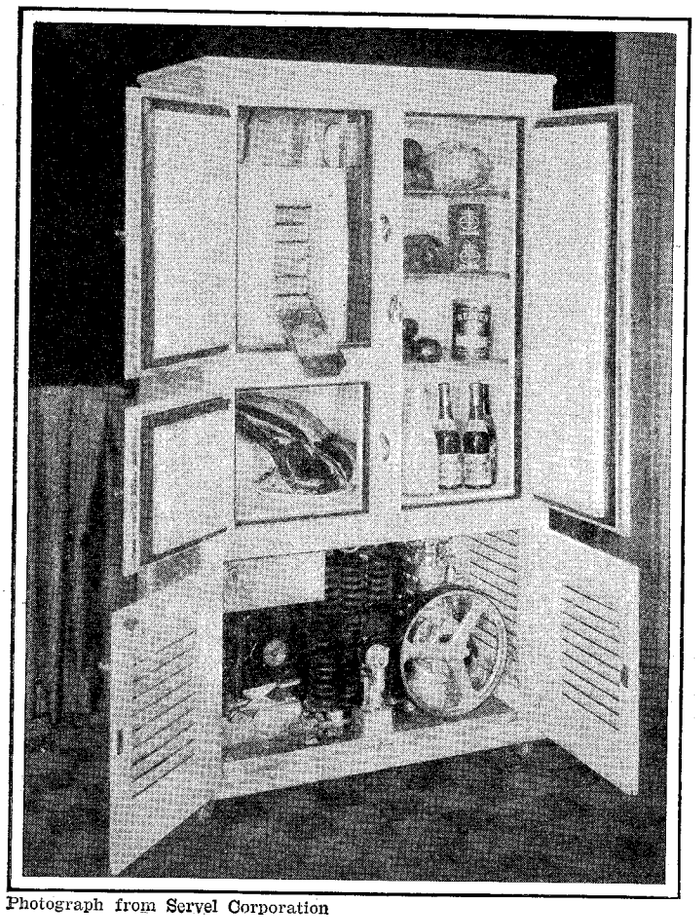
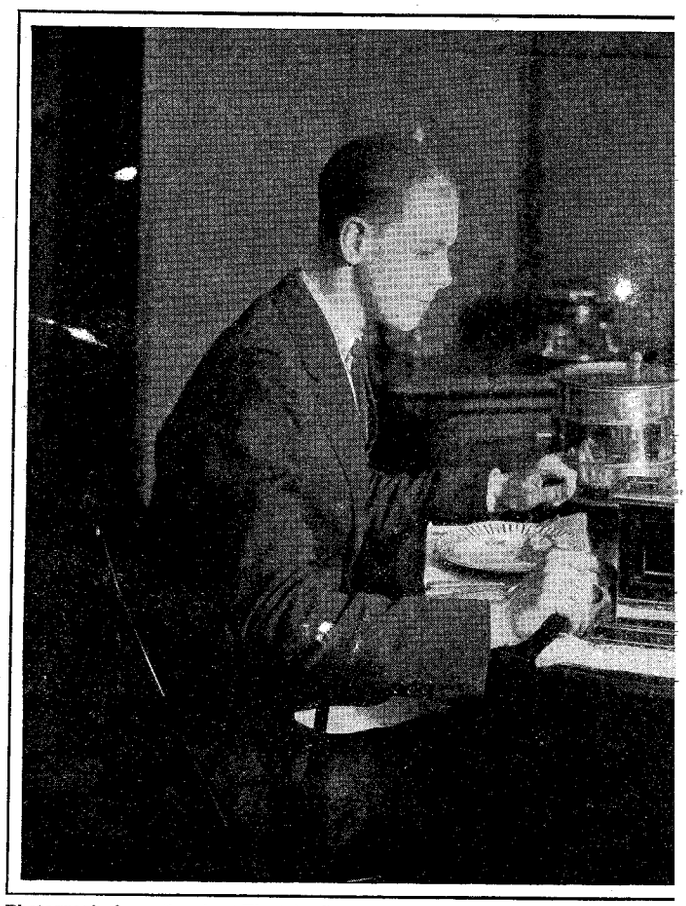


Photograph from Servel Corporation

Its Own Iceman

The electric refrigerator not only makes ice for beverages, but also keeps the temperature of the food storage compartments adequately chilled. The machinery is located below and the cooling coil replaces the familiar cake of ice



Photograph from Graybar Electric Company

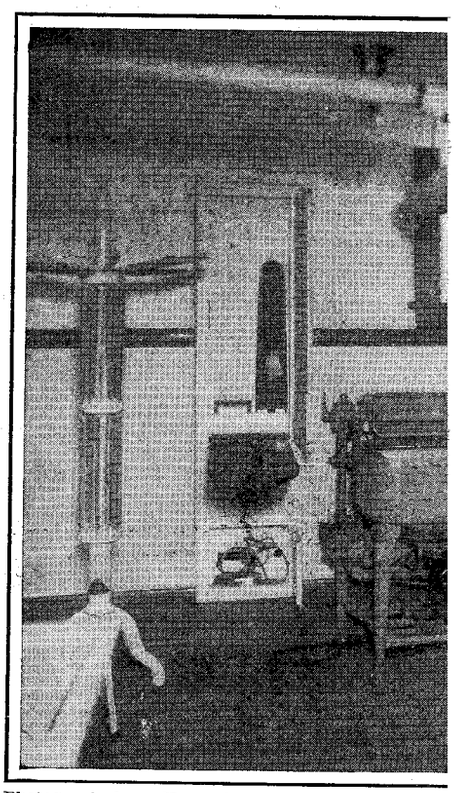
Breakfast in

About forty different electric heating appliances ar picture, viz., coffee perco

Photograph from Graybar Electric Company

Shorter Hours for Dishwashers Is the Slogan

Electricity now accomplishes this everlasting three-times-a-day job. The machine does all the work in a very few minutes after the glass, silver, and china have been placed in their proper racks



Photograph from Home Owners Service Institute

What's the Worry if

The electric washer, ironer, and iro of wash

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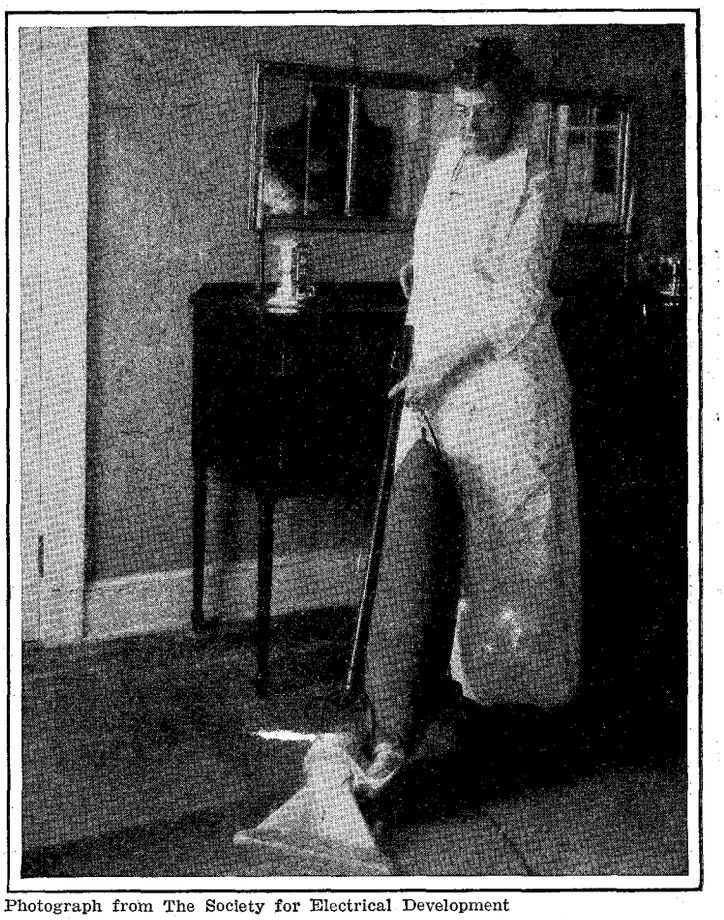
ric Home

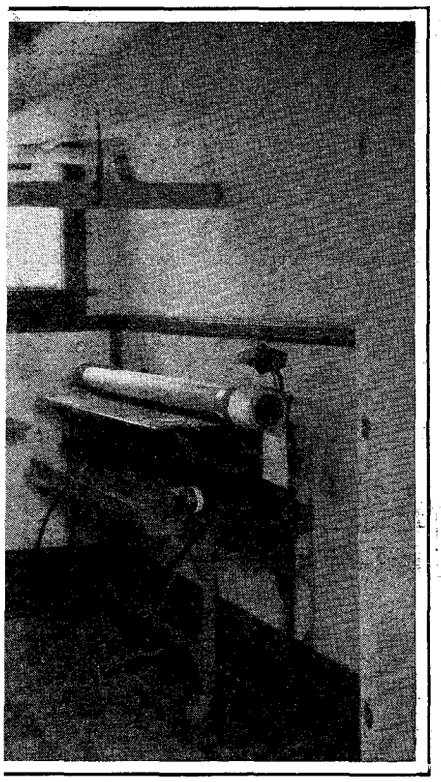
domestic use. Four of them are seen in this
, grill, and waffle iron



Photograph from The Society for Electrical Development

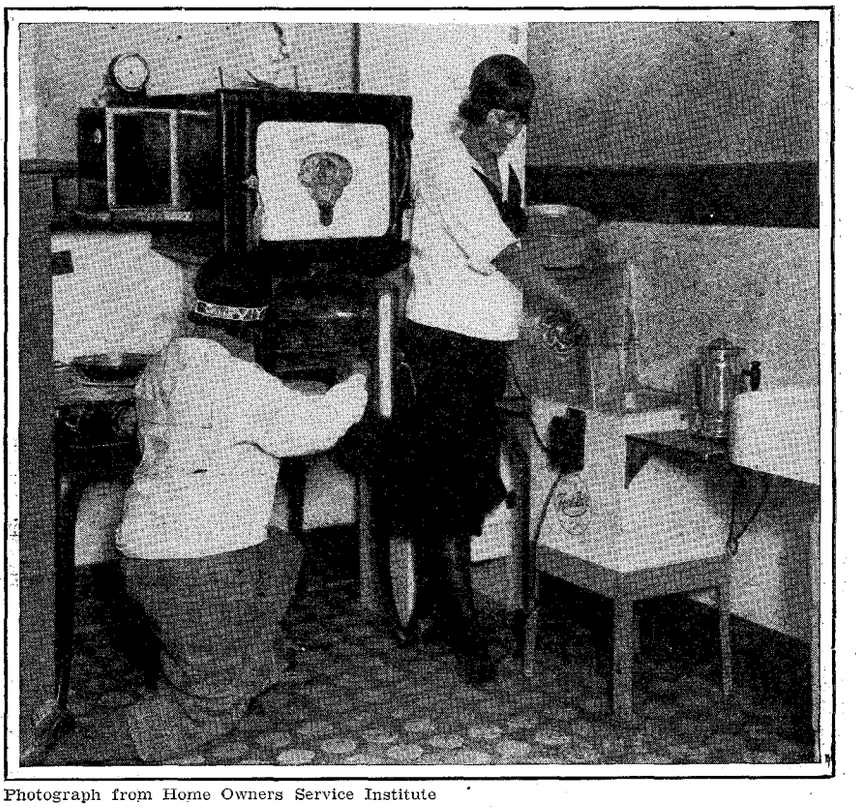
Gone Are Brooms and Dustpans!

The electric cleaner's job is to lure dust and dirt from floors, carpets, and rugs, and imprison them in the large cloth bag. The old-fashioned duster only too often stirred up dust and scattered it to settle again



ıdress Disappoints?

to take the toil out of the work
ɔning



Photograph from Home Owners Service Institute

The Electric Kitchen Is Fireless

A turn of a switch regulates heat of griddles, oven, or broiler. The fireless cooker, too, has been electrified. Both this electric range and cooker are controlled by time clocks

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engrossing new one, electricity is (1) reducing the cost of domestic service by reducing the number of servants required in large houses; (2) reducing labor turnover in the home; and (3) tending to make servants a superfluous adjunct of housekeeping. Q. E. D.

Electricity has now gained a footing in nearly thirteen million homes in the United States. This fact suggests stupendous possibilities for enlarging the field of usefulness of domestic electrical devices, but the process is subject to one serious limitation that has only lately come to be recognized. The art of wiring houses for electricity has lagged far behind the demands made upon it. Few houses are adequately wired even for lighting, while the house that has a wiring system and "outlets" capable of supplying current conveniently for a complete array of labor-saving appliances is decidedly exceptional. This fundamental problem has recently been taken up by that great agency of National welfare, the Society for Electrical Development, which is not only promoting the exhibition of model "electric homes" throughout the country, but has become the backer of the so-called Red Seal plan of standardized electrical wiring, which originated a few years ago in Toronto. Houses and apartment buildings that have been wired in conformity with this plan, and are therefore ready to make the fullest use of electrical blessings, are distinguished by a Red Seal emblem placed on their meter service-boxes. The presence of this emblem has proved, we are told, to be a potent factor in the sale of residence property wherever the plan has been put into operation.

Contemporary Voices Prophesying War

By JOHN BAKELESS

The author of this article drops a large brick into the still waters of complacency. Let's see what he is worrying about

THE war to end war was not a conspicuous success. For, in spite of the surface accord reached at Washington in 1922, the well-meant Locarno treaties, and the prospective disarmament conference, it is impossible to pretend that the world is much safer from the catastrophe of a world-wide war than it was in 1914.

If the recent efforts to insure peace be pointed out as evidence to the contrary, it is worth recalling that most of them had their counterparts in 1914. If we have a World Court now, we had a Hague Court then. If we have a guaranteed Rhineland now, we had a guaranteed Belgium then. The destruction of the most conspicuous example of militarism among the Great Powers has not meant the destruction of the thing itself, which flourishes in half a dozen countries it is more tactful not to name. Since the Treaty of Versailles was signed we have averaged three or four small wars a year, two of which, the Greco-Turkish and Russo-Polish struggles, would at any other time have been regarded as major wars.

The World War, like all modern wars, was due at bottom to the simultaneous expansion of several states—driven by growing populations, by the quest for food, markets, and raw materials—upon a planet whose most valuable territories were too limited to go around.

Scarcely were the battles over before the victorious Powers, like the petty Balkan States in 1913, were squabbling for the spoils, as they have been squabbling ever since. Is it not unhappily manifest that we are off once more upon the grim old round?

We have not, to be sure, produced a second World War as yet; but, to do ourselves justice, we have once or twice come fairly close to something very like it in 1922 and 1923.

IT would be idle to pretend—history never being the same for two minutes at a time—that the world is totally unchanged since 1914; but the amount of alteration, so far as the causes of war are concerned, is sufficiently small to be disquieting. True, political relationships have been somewhat shifted, but scarcely enough to be reassuring; for most of what we see going on around is strangely like the events of 1900–14. We have had a succession of small wars, any one of which might have grown to something bigger, and we have had one very respectable world crisis. Not a bad record for seven years. Or, rather, and from another standpoint, a very bad and disheartening record.

Even the prophecies of impending disaster which filled the years before the war, and which markedly increased in volume as 1914 drew nearer and nearer, are with us still. Now it is Oxford's Nobel prize man, Professor Frederick Soddy, who assures us that "the industrialized countries are, with an enthusiasm reminiscent of a lunatic asylum, turning out an ever-increasing plethora of mere factory products and sending them forth to compete in ever-shrinking markets in exchange for food, and are pouring forth an ever-increasing stream of armaments to fight amongst themselves for markets. The only goal in sight is war and yet war, the blowing up of the plethora and the permanent devitiation of the stock of the white race at the time, too, when, by reason of failing fecundity, the prospect of its having to fight about something other than markets is becoming evident." The final sentence is a veiled allusion to the prospect of racial struggles.

Again it is Dean Inge suggesting that "the revival of Napoleonism in France, to which Americans seem to shut their eyes, points straight to another European war in the near future; and such a war would leave civilization stricken to death."

We may be sure that the famous Oxford chemist and the Dean of St. Paul's are not writing solely for the pleasure of making our flesh creep. We may be equally sure that there is sincerity as well as political animus behind Ramsay Macdonald's suggestion that certain aspects of her present policy are leading Great Britain toward another war. Surely, it is significant that on the same day the leader of British Labor was uttering this warning in the House of Commons another Englishman, Sir Charles Higham, was declaring in New York that a world war might be upon us within ten years.

NOTHING is more disquieting than the way in which European leaders who differ violently in their views of everything else under the sun agree upon the imminence of another war. The Tory aristocrat Austen Chamberlain, in every respect the opposite of the Labor leader Macdonald, asserts in a public address that "Europe is moving uneasily, slowly it might be, but certainly, to a new catastrophe." Lloyd George, the Liberal leader, tells a group of Welsh

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adherents: "I am afraid of what will happen. I honestly don't believe European civilization could survive another Great War."

Mussolini, militant chief of Italian Fascism—whose world of thought and modes of action are poles apart from the pacifist Macdonald's—utters in the Italian Chamber of Deputies the same bitter truth: "One thing is certain, that the war we have lived through and in which I had the honor to serve as a private soldier was not the last one." And Francesco Nitti, one of the bitterest of the Fascist's political foes, who agrees with him in nothing else, is startlingly at one with him upon this solitary point. Nitti reminds us that many thoughtful Europeans "feel that the present violence can only finish in revolutions now and in terrible wars in the future."

Lord Balfour is "not naïve enough to believe that this was the last war." Paul Painlevé, twice the scholar-Premier of France, "cannot say that militarism is no longer a menace to Europe," while Romain Rolland, most uncompromising of European pacifists, says roundly: "Unless a miracle occurs, which we cannot expect, we are marching with great strides towards a new war that will surpass in duration and intensity that of 1914–18." General Tasker H. Bliss, least militaristic of soldiers, casually observes at Williamstown, "Already the problem of the next war is looming up."

The Belgian journalist L. Dumont-Wilden lays his finger upon one of the most dangerous aspects of the present European predicament when he writes:

> I do not believe that any people wants war, not even Germany (she hopes to obtain by intimidation and intrigue the revision of the Versailles Treaty, which is her goal), but there is danger that by living in this electrically overcharged atmosphere, by hesitation, tergiversation, fear, and obscurity, we shall reach one of those situations which cannot be untangled and for which brute force seems to be the sole solution.

Philip Kerr raises a warning voice against "that further Balkanization of mankind, and that still more frightful world war, which are inevitable if the civilized peoples do not read in time the lessons of the last ten years."

Dr. Edward Benes, former Premier of the Czechoslovak Republic, and as brilliant a statesman as any in modern Europe, declared at Geneva in 1925 that "from Finland in the north through the Baltic Republics, Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, down the valley of the Danube to Constantinople and southern Greece, there are regions where thousands of conflicts may break out, beginning to-day by the murder of a frontier guard or the desecration of a flag and easily ending to-morrow in a terrible war."

EVEN while the war was in progress the German General von Freytag-Loringhofen, most distinguished among modern tactical writers, was calmly jotting down in his "Deductions from the World War" such lessons as he thought might be useful in the next one—for the German General Staff did not encourage talk about "ending war." Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, medalist of the Royal United Service Institute, tells us that "the greatest of all heresies and delusions concerning it is to suppose that the Great War of 1914–1918 is the last of all wars," at the same time hopefully suggesting that we may yet "fend war off until mankind had recovered from the recent turmoil."

Writing with the peculiar authority of an English political figure who is also a naval officer, Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy describes specifically the probable horrors of a future war and suggests several possible ways in which it may start:

> The appalling terrors that another world conflict would bring are not generally realized by those who are not in touch with modern developments of science and invention. The most deadly weapons are being prepared in the laboratories of chemists and scientists, and the next war, in its destructiveness, will absolutely dwarf the last Great War. The lessons of that great conflict are now being applied to an extent not generally understood. . . .
>
> The most generally accepted cause of war in the future is based on a wrong calculation—that is, the possibility of a war between France and Germany. The French, I think, are wrong in supposing that Germany is preparing to make war on France.

Lord Thomson, a British soldier, a member of the Labor Government, and by no means a fire-eater, does not agree that another Franco-German war is improbable: "Most competent judges of the situation believe that this war must come, that it is only a question of time."

AMONG these competent judges we may include Cardinal Mercier, who said that "Germany is already preparing a war of revenge, which may come in fifteen years," and Captain Hans Ritter, of the German army, who concludes his recent book on the French army with a prophecy: "The old French royal city of Versailles will after the 28th of June, 1919, experience a second 18th of January, 1871!"

Six years after the last shot was fired we find the British General Sir Edmund Ironsides gravely lecturing at Woolwich on the three categories of future wars and taking the wars themselves for granted. In the same month another British soldier, General Sir Reginald Hart, publishes an article in which he assures us that, "whether we like it or not, there must be war for ages to come," adding the cheerful information that "in a future war great cities and extensive areas will be wiped out with all the men, women, and children." The following month a French military writer expounds in "Le Temps" the proper infantry tactics in *"une guerre eventuelle,"* which he blithely assumes is an ultimate certainty. Even Viscount Grey warns that "the next war will mark a victory over civilization," while the historian of Lord Grey's foreign policy, Sir Gilbert Murray, reminds us that "we cannot indulge in the old reveries about pacifism, because we have lately had to fight for our lives, and may have to do so again."

"Let it be not thought for a moment," says Mr. Winston Churchill, "that the danger of another explosion in Europe is passed," and he offers a good reason why we must not think so: "The causes of war have in no way been removed."

RUSSIAN and British labor leaders in conference at London issue a formal declaration:

> Already it would appear that a new war, more terrible, more monstrous than anything known hitherto, is being prepared. New weapons of destruction are being devised; the chemists and scientific thinkers of European countries are devoting their knowledge and skill to the task of inventing new weapons of torture and destruction for use not only against the soldier, but also against the civilian. In the meantime so-called disarmament conferences are merely encouraging dangerous illusions.

Only a few incorrigible optimists like Mr. H. G. Wells find something to be cheerful about; and even he promises no more than a respite, because "it will take forty or fifty years to reassemble energy for another such world-wide outbreak." General Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations on the British Staff during the war, makes the limit somewhat narrower when he predicts that there will be no general European war for the next twenty years. Sir

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George Paish, the famous British economist, alone declares his belief that "there will never be another war."

If the danger of another Great War is actually so pressing as these various personages profess to believe, it is certainly high time for the common man to look about him, the plan of leaving such matters as the foreign relations of his country unquestionably to his betters having been tried for many a long year prior to 1914, with results that do not by any means commend it.

Some encouragement we may derive from the reflection that the forces which make for war are now held in check by new agencies for peace more effective than any yet devised. To say, however, that these brakes upon the forces that produce war are "more effective than any yet devised" is painfully mild praise if we remember the total breakdown of all pacific agencies in 1914 and the years preceding, and if we recall the constant succession of small and middle-sized wars that have afflicted the planet ever since. Nor did the League of Nations, in spite of all its apologists may say to excuse its failure, emerge with prestige undiminished from its relatively futile endeavors to check the Italian onslaught upon helpless Greece at Corfu in 1923.

When we have given full weight to all optimistic arguments, the regrettable fact remains that the world we live in is quite as charged with tension, quite as filled with national desires still unappeased, and bristles with quite as many threats of war as the outwardly peaceful world we dwelt in so thoughtlessly and happily in 1914. Perhaps, however, we may have learned to heed the warning voices rising all about us, against which the generations before the Great War closed indifferent ears. We may at least try to understand the conflicts of national interest still existing in the world the war has left us and the tensions out of which the next Great War will surely come, if it must come at all.

Priest and Parody

THIS is a letter which has reached us despite Soviet censorship. The Outlook is not admitted into Russia; we doubt whether this article will cause the ban to be raised

DEAR SONJA:

The day of St. Nicolas has come. From far and wide the people are flocking to the little Volga town in order to take part in the procession. Upon the shoulders of panting men and women heavy images are moving to and fro. At the head of the procession six priests are walking in yellow gold-embroidered gowns; just behind them we see the singers, whose voices are to be heard but indistinctly amid the general roar. Like a serpent two kilometers in length, the procession, enveloped in thick clouds of dust, winds through the heated main street of the little village. On this day any one who wishes it may have his house consecrated and purged of all evil spirits through abundant sprinkling with holy water.

At the large gate of the factory there is a halt. Some sextons carry up a table upon which a crucifix is placed. The priests with their holy-water basins and their sprinkling-brushes place themselves round the table and are just about to pronounce their benediction on the factory and sprinkle it with water when fate approaches in the shape of a small group of Tovarishtshi (the common word for the members of the Communist Party). They throw the table, together with the crucifix, into the dust and drive away the priests with particularly choice bad language. Sadly, with drooping heads, the priests suffer abuse and move away. No one dares to protest. Thousands of believers in Christ who take part in the procession submit without a word to the brutal behavior of a few Tovarishtshi; not one sound of revolt comes from the crowd, and the heavy images on tired shoulders are moving farther on along the sunburned, dusty street.

Every year the same incident repeats itself on the day of St. Nicolas. The procession will stop before the gate of the factory, the priests will make ready to consecrate and sprinkle the building; but the Tovarishtshi are already there to drive them away scornfully and insultingly. Neither side means to give in, and each time the priests think anew: "Perhaps we may succeed this year, after all."

Indeed, this struggle has lasted for seven long years in Soviet Russia. Brutal force on the one side, stubborn passive resistance on the other. "Are there really no pious knights any more in the world," our old factory priest asked me, "who might organize a crusade and deliver us from the Antichrist? Our misery is indescribable. You only see the outward aspect of our sufferings—bereavement, contempt, and insult. But of my brethren who have been tortured in the dungeons, have died of starvation and perished in dirt and sickness, what can you know of them? All of us who have been holding out are threatened by a similar fate daily, hourly. Even if imprisonment and a violent death do not put an end to our lives, we suffer in an unprecedented manner morally as well as physically. It is as difficult as possible for us to find any lodgings. No school will admit our children, and all departments of service are closed to them as offsprings of clergymen. We live on in hunger and misery, begging some scanty alms of the impoverished population. Will not the Pope do something for us? What has become of the believers in the whole world that they calmly allow us to perish?"

Indeed, life is unspeakably hard for those who serve the Church in Soviet Russia. As to their own people, they have ceased to believe in it, and expect no help from that side. But they firmly believe in some assistance from abroad, and they cling to the idea that it may be the Pope. It seems a strange notion, that dream of a great world's crusade that is to deliver them from all sufferings and restore them to their former power. It is mere ignorance and child-like simplicity, considering the indifference of the various European countries in all religious questions. But there is no life without hope, and those fantastical dreams to some extent help them in bearing their bitter lot.

A FINE spring day at Moscow. The bright sun is sending its luminous rays on the snow-white Church of the Saviour with its gold cupolas. I enter the church to enjoy the wonderful choral singing to my heart's content. The powerful bass mingles with the clear and somewhat severe boys' voices, which resemble contralto voices and are yet different. When in a raised spirit I am stepping out upon the broad granite platform, where the sun is somewhat dazzling my eyes, a profoundly disgusting spectacle offers itself to my sight. A group of Tovarishtshi, disguised as priests, policemen, and girls of bad character, are performing a comedy on the steps of the church, accompanied by the shrill sounds of an accordion. The priests, of course, are represented as being completely drunk; with their holy

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utensils and crucifixes they perform obscene gestures, bawling and rolling themselves on the ground together with the policemen and the girls, drunk like themselves. Among the spectators at the foot of the large staircase I notice chiefly children. A large motor cart crammed with school-children is just arriving on purpose to have the spectacle demonstrated to them.

Is it possible to imagine a sharper contrast? Inside the fine, wonderful church that solemn divine service, and outside upon the steps that wild tumult of blasphemy and coarsest filth.

In order to suppress as far as possible all Christian usages and ceremonies, heavy taxes are levied on all processions, weddings, baptisms, and burials. If such a ceremony is not reported to the authorities and is practiced in secrecy, the punishment is very grievous in case of discovery. While the church ceremonies are suppressed, an effective propaganda is carried on for the "Red" weddings, baptisms, and burials. These acts are celebrated in the "Red" clubs, and it is not indispensable to be a declared Communist belonging to the party in order to partake of these blessings. The Tovarishtshi will welcome any one willing to have his young child baptised or his marriage consecrated through their agency. Indeed, such an action even brings in dignity, privileges, and gifts. I was once obliged to assist at the baptism of the child of a Communist, which took place at our factory club. The guests are sitting in rows in the large room as at a performance in the theater. An orchestra is playing sounding marches. Upon the stage is a table painted red with a red flag above it. The father carries in the child, which is wrapped in a red blanket, and puts it down upon the table. Touching the child's forehead with his left hand, he swears to bring it up in the true spirit of Bolshevism and to make a good Tovarishtsh of it. Thereupon the mother of the child appears upon the stage and does exactly as the father has just done. Presently the child is clothed in a little red shirt—the first gift of the Tovarishtshi—and one man gets up and makes a speech eloquently expressing his hopes that the little Bolshevist offspring may wear his shirt with honor, become a support of Bolshevism, etc. Incessant "cheers" from the band are interrupting the orator. After these proceedings a great alcoholic feast is held, for which the lucky parents need not pay, the Communist Party deeming it an honor to meet all expenses.

It is not surprising that such an alluring banquet has a great attraction for the population, and that many a weak character has deserted the Church, not by any means out of love for Bolshevism, but solely on account of the advantage and the brandy.

If we compare the calmness prevailing in other countries with regard to religious matters with the arena in Soviet Russia, the bitter struggle that has already been lasting for so long looks like one of the early persecutions of the Christians at the time of Imperial Rome. The Tovarishtsh fights violently against the Church, and, not being able simply to abolish it by some decree, he plunders, robs, and confiscates the property of the Church, and particularly likes to pollute holy places of worship. Before all things, he torments the clergy and deprives them of all possibilities of living. They have to disappear as remnants of another epoch. H——.

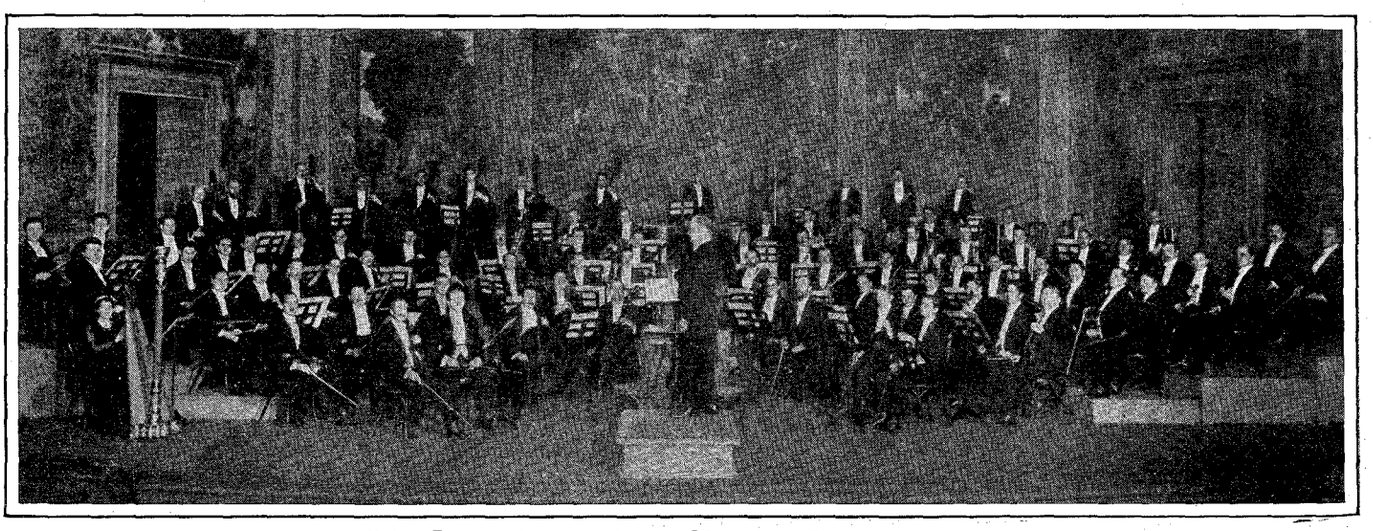
Music and Conductor Worship

By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

It was Carnegie Hall of a Sunday afternoon. Inside, the Philharmonic Orchestra was playing, under the direction of Toscanini, and in the lobby, as late as half an hour after the concert had started, people were still hanging about in the hope of obtaining admission. The sold-out-house sign was more than an official phrase of technical validity; very simply and definitely, the place was jammed.

A week later the same orchestra played in the same hall under the leadership of a new conductor. The sold-out-house sign was again in evidence. But there was a difference. Perhaps not more than ten persons stood back of the rail, and all about one were empty seats. And yet the concert began with an excellent performance of the "New World Symphony" and ended with a superbly articulated rendering of the "Meistersinger Overture"—two numbers that are probably among the first twelve to twenty most popular numbers in the repertoire of any orchestra.

To one person, at least, the contrast presented itself as a remarkable and somewhat disheartening illustration of the disproportionate part that personality and prestige play in the matter of art and the artist. It is patently absurd to assume that the crowds that sought ad-



Walter Damrosch conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra

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mission to the Toscanini concerts were predicating their enthusiasm upon an abstract appreciation of the intrinsic musicianship of this eminent conductor. It was not a question of an automatic and inherent estimate and decision on their part; whether they knew it or not, they were, in reality, accepting a standard set for them by others. In a word, they were paying for personality and advertisement.

There is nothing new in this; the thing is as old as the hills. As a matter of fact, enthusiasms and hero worshipings are part of the fun. More than that, they are, up to a certain point, legitimate. It is a perfectly natural impulse that leads one to wish to hear the world's masterpieces of music interpreted by an acknowledged authority. Here is one person, for instance, that would pay any price within reason to hear Toscanini conduct a performance of "Tristan and Isolde," with Olive Fremstad as Isolde. Again, some of us think that no one but Safonoff has ever played the "Pathetic Symphony" according to our idea of the work. We shall go down to our graves hugging these little invidious loyalties (de Pachmann's pre-eminence in a Chopin *étude;* Paderewski playing a Chopin mazurka as no one else in the world ever played it; Grainger in "Country Gardens" setting our spirits tingling with a buxom, rugged care-freeness). But, on the other hand, a note of warning should be sounded against the excessive lengths to which this sort of thing may be carried.

For example, one hears on every hand people talking about how So-and-So plays such and such a thing. Or how the quality of, let us say, the Philadelphia Orchestra surpasses the quality of some other orchestra. And so on and so on. At the risk of appearing a traitor to the *illuminati,* the contention is put forward here that much of this sort of thing is sheer "bunk." How many of the persons that crowded Carnegie Hall the other day at the last Toscanini concert were qualified to differentiate, actually and explicitly, between the performance of the "Tristan Prelude" under Mr. Toscanini's leadership and the performance of the same work under some one else's leadership? Only the day before the Boston Symphony, under the leadership of Mr. Kussevitzky, had given one of the most superb and grandiose performances of the "Scheherezade" ever heard in this city. But no one was very much the wiser, for the simple reason that there was no one around to advertise the fact. All of which is part and parcel of the natural order of things; but why not let us face it honestly?

The plain truth of the matter is that much of the adulation poured out over the favored performer is mostly an emotional ebullition, a sort of sentimental home brew. There is very little question of an equitable reaction to an intrinsic quality. The average person brings a preconceived point of view to a concert, a prejudice for or against. If he is told he is going to have a good time, the chances are he will have a good time. Probably eighty-five per cent of his reactions are subjective.

THE foregoing is not meant in any sense as a discouragement to the making of fine standards. There is all the difference in the world between the playing of an orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Mengelberg, let us say, and Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Furtwaengler. The point is that this difference is apparent only to the specialist, and then only after close study. Ossip Gabrilowitsch once told this writer that he made it a rule never to judge a performance or a piece of music from one hearing; and here, mind you, is one of the world's greatest pianists!

How shall we expect that the untrained average listener will be able to perceive and appreciate these distinctions offhand? When we take to sending the music student to rehearsals—and the custom is growing—we shall get at the bed-rock of that somewhat embarrassing question, Why are conductors? Then an intelligent, genuine realization may circulate through the community as to just why, for instance, Mr. Toscanini's performance of "La Mer" touched the *n*th degree of perfection, and so on, and so on. As things are now, the inherent falsity of the public's attitude is attested to by the preposterous fact that it often crystallizes into a decisive vote, for or against, long before any one, trained musician or otherwise, could possibly arrive at an equitable esfimate of the performer's intrinsic qualifications.

The reason that this is important is because it makes for fixed ideas that are sometimes well-nigh ineradicable. For years the Boston Symphony reigned supreme in this country. Then, suddenly, upon the departure of Karl Muck, the Boston Symphony fell into emphatic disrepute. Whether it played badly or not, the idea prevailed that it did play badly, and, as a result, attendance at its concerts in this city fell off to a discouraging extent. To-day the Philadelphia Orchestra has supplanted it in popularity. Very few persons stop to inquire whether the New York Philharmonic may not be equally good. As a matter of fact, it probably is. Certain of its performances in recent years, under the expert technical administration of Mr. Mengelberg, have been simply unsurpassable.

The interests of musical appreciation in New York at the present time cry out for a cessation of this forced draught of hero worship. We cannot get down to a substantial, bed-rock foundation so long as we are demanding, and thereby helping to create, a fictitious pre-eminence in the performer. It will be interesting to observe the public's reaction to Mr. Furtwaengler, who has succeeded Mr. Toscanini as conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Here, in the estimation of some persons, is the most comprehensively satisfying conductor we have had since Muck, but he is greatly handicapped by the extraordinary furor aroused by the activities of his predecessor. Will he, as some persons fear, be impelled to extravagances in order to project himself, so to speak? Herein lies the danger of our amiable habit of lionizing the favored performer all out of proportion to his intrinsic significance; a habit that tends to distract the artist, who feels, as a result, that he must have recourse to spurious methods in order to attract attention to himself.

THE matter strikes to the very root of musical conditions in this country. So long as we can procure the cream of the world's artists through the concrete expedient of offering them enormous sums of money, just so long will we remain unproductive and sterile. How much chance, for example, has a young musician in this country at the present time of obtaining the conductorship of an American orchestra? Even our smaller cities offer no opportunity for the exercising and development of a native talent. No sooner is an orchestra organized than some one of foreign origin and a certain publicity value is placed at the head of it. It is possible that America is barren of potential musical talent, but it is unthinkable that a square deal is not accorded what talent we may have. Our sense of values has been dazzled and distracted by the partially legitimate but none the less injurious star system, and we shall never attain to genuine, healthy, creative conditions so long as we maintain our present level of what one might term artistic inflation. We are laboring under the monstrous fallacy that because we can bribe the world's headliners to perform for us we are thereby heightening our capacity for musical appreciation. What we are really doing is to place a premium upon sensationalism. America in general, and New York in particular, is the profligate rich man's son, artistically speaking. Its purchasing power has demoralized its sense of values.

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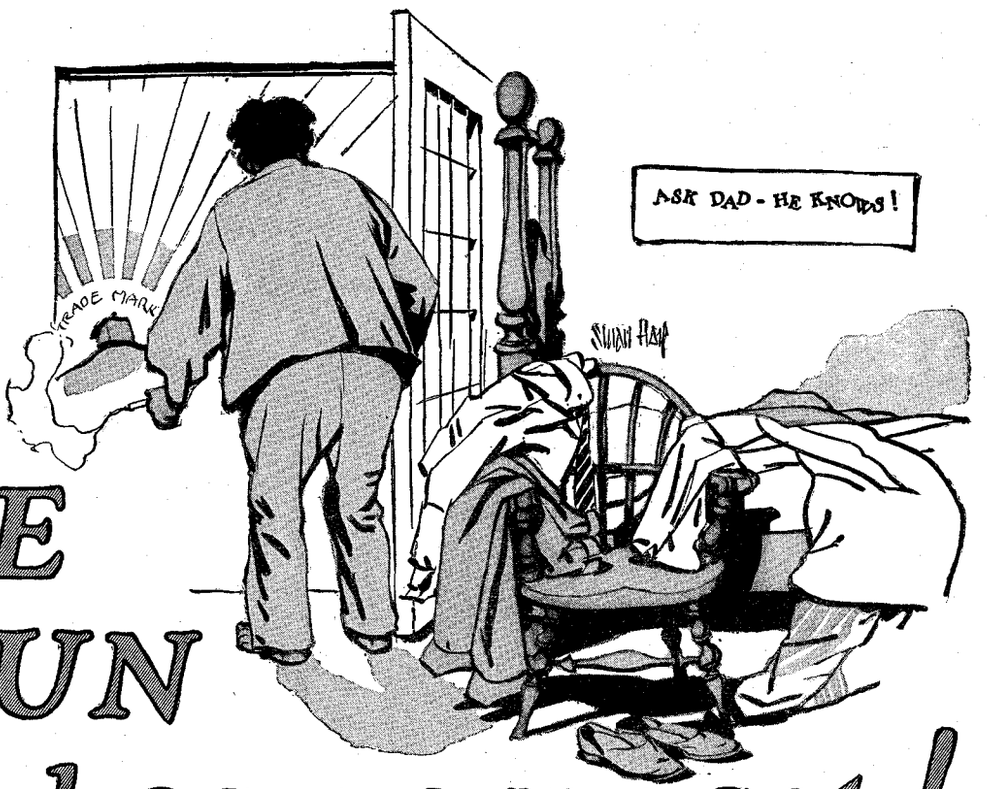


ONE SUN that has never set!

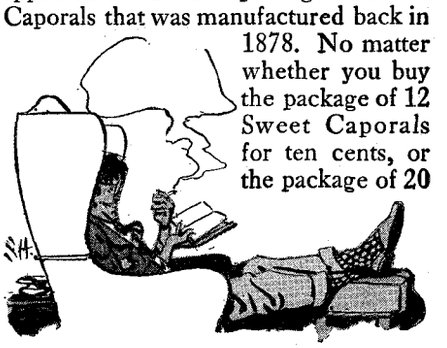
By Irvin S. Cobb

OVER at the factory they told me that the sales of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes had been mounting up steadily here of late. There was no unusual stimulation in the way of a special advertising campaign. But sales had grown larger and still larger. They are growing while you are reading this. More Sweet Caporals are being sold today than were sold yesterday, more will be sold tomorrow than were sold today.

This condition applies to the retailers all over the United States. According to expert opinion there can be but one explanation to account for so spontaneous and unforced a groundswell in the demand for a brand which has been a standard and a staple for forty-seven years.

The answer is that an increasing number of cigarette smokers in America are turning to the crusty natural blend that suited their fathers and their grandfathers who bought Sweet Caporal Cigarettes before them, a blend of selected Virginia tobacco, made into cigarettes by a process which has never been changed, with the purest of Vermont maple sugar for its savoring, and positively nothing else.

Perhaps you have noticed that part of the trademark of Sweet Caporals is a blazing sun. That trademark is historic It appeared on the first package of Sweet Caporals that was manufactured back in 1878. No matter whether you buy the package of 12 Sweet Caporals for ten cents, or the package of 20 Sweet Caporals for fifteen cents, you'll find that same ancient and honorable device upon it. Here is one sun that has never set or sunk in forty-seven years and is rising higher now than it ever rose before. You can't get away from an argument that speaks for itself.



Sweet Caporal, to my way of thinking, is that kind of cigarette. It speaks for itself. And it's speaking louder all the time.

Thank you. Irvin S. Cobb

P. S. — *I write an article like this every once in a while. Watch for the next. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured articles because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.*

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Colonel House

SHORTLY before the Presidential election of 1920 a New York newspaper man wrote the following paragraph in his column:

"Whoever wins in November, it seems likely that the country will lose the services of Colonel E. M. House. One regrettable feature of this loss is that, upon his retirement to private life, we shall lose the chance to find out just exactly what those services were. Nobody has ever known precisely what the status of Colonel House was, although it has been apparent that his relationship to the Government was super-legal and extra-constitutional. And now we never shall know, in detail, perhaps. The man of mystery will, no doubt, slip back into the obscurity from which he emerged, and take all his secrets with him. And after a short time people will cease to wonder or to care just what he was or what he did in relationship to the Wilson Administration. He was very, very busy, in a kind of furtive way, for some years; and there was about him the air, the manner, of one who had penetrated the outer husks of knowledge and was feeding upon the kernel of significance. But it seems that, practically, this manner of his meant nothing very much, after all. It was a kind of game which gave zest to the agent's existence and added a bit of verisimilitude to the employer's rôle of autocrat—for an autocratic ruler, though he be a humanitarian, must have his secret agents. President Wilson invented him, and only President Wilson can know exactly why. It is our guess that he was the creature of his creator's sense of literary and histrionic values, rather than a real political adjunct.

"When Colonel House went upon a mysterious mission, it gave the appearance that the master mind was busied upon a program too precious and original to be advertised to the public or even intrusted to the usual channels of diplomacy. He wore the cloak of drama; he exuded the aroma of portentousness; the peak of his traveler's cap was habitually pulled down over his eyes as if to veil great confidences of world-shaking ideas. But the cloak, it appears now, did not hide much of anything; and yet the man was, in a sense, representative of the Administration—being the forerunning shadow of a wide futility."

The writer of this was Mr. Don Marquis and the paper in which it appeared the New York "Sun." One sentence in it, at all events, has not been verified, for it seems to appear that people do care to know what Colonel House was about upon his mystery missions. The letters and papers[1] now published in two big volumes, under the editorship of Professor Seymour, have been running in the newspapers, and it is possible to gather from them some notion as to how far the comments of Mr. Marquis had a sound basis. If they do not justify Colonel House as a figure of world-wide importance between 1914 and 1917, it is certainly no fault of the skillful editor, who is an admirer of the Colonel and of his good friend President Wilson. Often the editor's three dots of omission are somewhat exasperating, as the material in the letters becomes perhaps too intimate for publication. As always, however, we must trust to the editor's discretion, and take the picture as we get it from him.

It is important to observe that the papers end with the outbreak of war between America and Germany, and that public curiosity must remain unsatisfied at the precise point where it is most intense—the cause of the quarrel between Mr. Wilson and Colonel House All that the world is permitted to know is that there came a time when the ruler turned his face from his Grand Vizier, and that the faithful servant was at last denied the Presence. It is not impossible that this may be remedied; more papers may be published, for the legend

[1] The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. Arranged as a Narrative by Charles Seymour, Sterling Professor of History, Yale University. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $10.

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

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at the end is merely "End of Volume II." Mr. Wilson's own letters to Colonel House were consulted by the editor, but their publication has not been permitted. It is also important to note that Colonel House publishes these papers in no spirit of bitterness, and that he announces himself as still a partisan of Woodrow Wilson. He permits himself to criticise his chief; he acknowledges that "his chief defect was temperamental. His prejudices were strong and oftentimes clouded his judgments." But "he was what the head of a state should be—intelligent, honest, and courageous. Happy the nation fortunate enough to have a Woodrow Wilson to lead it through dark and tempestuous days!"

The reader of these volumes may still ask what did Colonel House do and what was he about upon all those silent and secret missions? That he had great opportunities none can deny. He was diligent in his business, and he stood before kings. Kings stood before him, moreover; and prime ministers left their latch-strings out when he was in the neighborhood. American ambassadors sprang to attention, so to speak, when he entered the room, and cabinet members knew the power of this quiet man, whose whisper sounded louder in the White House than the voices of other Democrats and the bellowings of all the Republicans in the land. One king, the King of Prussia and German Emperor, with his face pushed close to that of the Texan Colonel, stood for half an hour while a train was delayed, while Chancellor and Empress, Ambassador, Foreign Minister, and numerous princes fumed with impatience. This was on the occasion of Colonel House's first mission to Europe, in the summer of 1914, when, single-handed, he "almost prevented" the Great War. This we have upon the unimpeachable authority of two great gentlemen: the ex-Emperor himself and Mr. George Sylvester Viereck.

Two other missions to Europe are described in these papers, and both for the praiseworthy object of bringing about peace. Again he talked with monarchs and their ministers, keeping cool and silent and drinking mineral water, glass after glass, while the German Chancellor poured down strong beer and the Foreign Minister imbibed two quarts of Moselle. Colonel House never lost his head nor his temper, except on one occasion when, in Washington, he rebuked the British Ambassador, whose nerves were unstrung.

Ambassador Page in London was a source of annoyance to Colonel House and President Wilson. His head, they believed, had been turned and his judgment clouded by English hospitality. Colonel House wanted to have him brought home for a few weeks and given a good bath of American opinion in the Middle West, where the real voice of America might be heard. In the East he might hear talk favorable to the Allies, and that was too much like his own sentiment. Ambassador Page could not understand so much patience with the Germans and such easy willingness to become exasperated with the English. He thought that the American lives which were being destroyed by the Germans were more important than the American cargoes of cotton and copper which were being delayed by the English. This non-neutrality was very exasperating to the Colonel and the President, and on one occasion the following exchange of letters took place:

Colonel House
to Ambassador W. H. Page

New York, December 4, 1914.

Dear Page:

I have just returned from Washington. . . .

The President wishes me to ask you please to be careful not to express any unneutral feeling, either by word of mouth, or by letter, and not even to the State Department. He said that both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lansing had remarked upon your leaning in that direction, and he thought it would materially lessen your influence.

He feels very strongly about this, and I am sending the same message to Gerard. Faithfully yours,

E. M. HOUSE.

Ambassador W. H. Page
to Colonel House

London, December 15, 1914.

Dear House:

I'll tell you a story: Within a week two Americans who have lately come here have criticised me and the Embassy for being pro-German, and I often hear such remarks that come from the English.

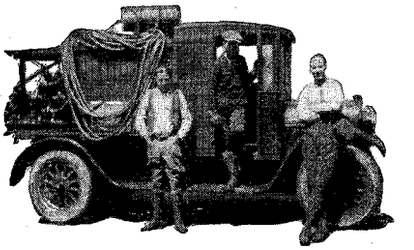
And I'll ask you a question:

Is an Ambassador a man sent to keep another Government friendly and in good humor with your Government so that you can get and give all sorts of friendly services and make the world better?

Or is his business to snap and snarl and play "smart" and keep 'em irritated—damn 'em!—and get and give nothing?

These I send you by Mrs. Page as my Xmas greeting. W. H. P.

Colonel House found Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in Washington, very reasonable and agreeable and a much better man to confer with than M. Jusserand or Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the French and English representa-



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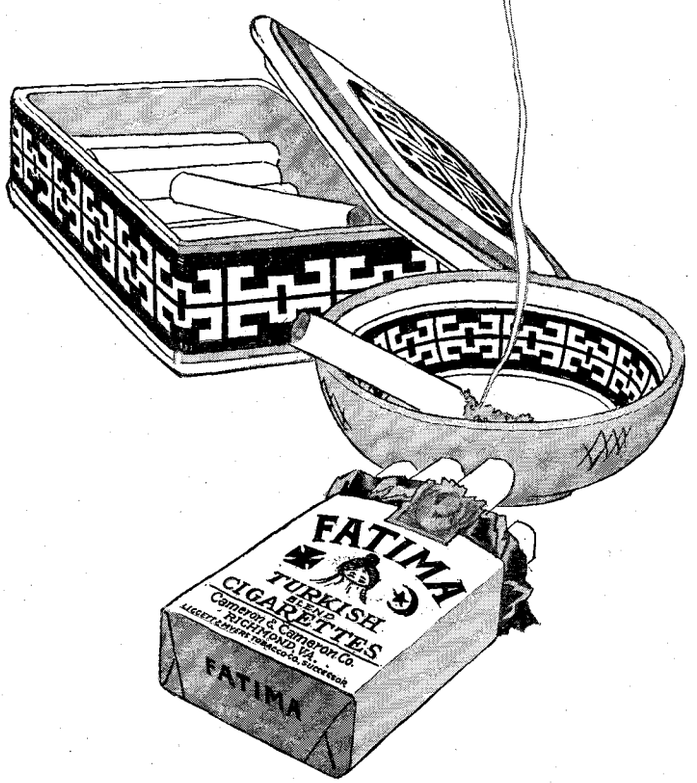

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tives. After recording his satisfaction with Count von Bernstorff upon a number of occasions, an unpleasant note written by the German diplomat turned up. In it von Bernstorff said that he "has House in his pocket." That very week, by some chance, the Colonel was writing to the "Dear Governor"—that is, President Wilson—when he made use of the following phrases.

"I am enclosing you a copy of a letter from Bernstorff, which came this morning. They are slippery customers and it is difficult to pin them down to anything definite. With the English, one knows where one is. They may be stubborn and they may be stupid, but they are reliable."

Ambassador Page thought that the English and the French were in somewhat the same position as the United States during the Civil War—that is, in the agony of national danger, surrounded by neutrals who were often unsympathetic and sometimes hostile. Colonel House was more apt to be of the opinion that the whole thing could be smoothed over by a quiet talk, if he could only find reasonable men who would understand "President Wilson's ideals." Time and again he explained these ideals to foreign rulers and statesmen, and they expressed themselves as deeply impressed. But with those English or French who wished to fight the war through vigorously, and to beat their enemy, the Colonel comes near impatience. King George was "bellicose" and "the most pugnacious monarch that is loose in these parts." This was in 1915, and Germany had not yet committed the offense of persistently flouting President Wilson's ideals, which transformed her into a world-wide menace, nor had the war become righteous by the President's entry into it. It was in 1918, it may be remembered, and after we had been at war for a year that Mr. Wilson determined to use "force"—in fact, became bellicose.

Colonel House went and came on his missions, escorted by war-ships while he was on the ocean, and listened to politely by the great ones of the earth when he wished to talk. The reader will try to find out what he accomplished, and he will peruse some interesting pages in the attempt. In the end, the editor leaves him with his Chief, waiting to go before Congress to explain why the very reasonable and agreeable Count von Bernstorff had to be sent home.

"We sat listlessly during the morning until Lansing arrived, which was not until half-past eleven o'clock. The President nervously arranged his books and walked up and down the floor. Mrs.

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Wilson spoke of golf and asked whether I thought it would look badly if the President went on the links. I thought the American people would feel that he should not do anything so trivial at such a time."

Two well-meaning gentlemen with every desire in the world to bring about peace on earth, with the sole reservation that it should be brought about by the efforts of their own political party, or of so small a group within that party that it included hardly more than themselves. Two well-meaning gentlemen forced at last, at long last, to realize that when men and women are dying by the thousands for what they believe to be right endless talk, perpetual furtive conferences, and reams upon reams of beautifully polished state papers are not useful, and may even be impertinent and mischievous.

E. P.

Fiction

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1925. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Perusal of the fifteen tales contained in "Georgian Stories 1925" inclines one to believe that the authors whose careers began during the reign of George V have much to learn from American story-tellers of a previous generation. Many of these tales are so prolix as to suggest padding and others flatten at the end or leave too much to the imagination of the reader. These faults lead one to suspect that the authors had no particular end in view when they began to write. Both these faults are noticeable in "The Greeting," by Osbert Sitwell, which contains yards of futile description and a brutal murder, accounted for by an impossibility. There is one of these writers, however, Mr. Horace Vachell, who follows the old-fashioned methods of interesting his readers instead of shocking or puzzling them or wearying them with tiresome descriptions. In "A Tug of War" he deals with the trade in antique furniture, which formed the basis of his extremely entertaining novel "Quinney's," from which he has taken the characters in his present tale. Quinney himself is the hero of the story, and, as readers of the novel will remember, he was "had" long ago by his rival Gustavus Lark. Now he discovers that his old rival's firm has been guilty of a fraud, and he proceeds to take vengeance on him. A far more striking and original story than this, possibly the best in the book, is "The Hostages," by Naomi Mitchison, which deals with three boys held as hostages by the Romans in their war with the League of Cities. There is not a superfluous word in the author's account of the suffering of the boys or of their joy over their release, and there is a splendid description of the Roman triumph.

THE FARTHING SPINSTER. By Catharine Dodd. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Let spinsters raise a pæan in honor of Catharine Dodd and all lovers of gay, good, and unusual novels join loudly in the chorus! This story of five generations concerns itself with the fortunes of those ladies of the family of Farthing named Jellis, upon whom rests a half-believed curse of spinsterhood. Each Jellis Farthing has her love affair; each goes in the end unwed; yet each, in such fashion as her era permits, makes good her place in the world. There is fun, fancy, sentiment, and understanding in the contrasted periods and portraits of the successive and overlapping Jellises with their lovers, friends, and relatives.

"Literature is unfair to the spinster," says the Miss Jellis who kept a school when Queen Victoria was a little girl. "Shakespeare ignores her, poets do not praise her, the drama derides her, novelists make a mock of her, depicting her as unlovely, vain, foolish, malicious, mincing, prinking, evil-tongued, a babbler, a scandal-monger, a scourge, a sycophant, a spy; for example, there is Miss Tabitha Bramble in Humphry Clinker." At which her sister Judith protests: "Jellis, your language is exaggerated, and do not, I pray you, mention that coarse book of Mr. Smollett's; it is unsuited to the perusal of a lady. In conversation, ladies should discuss Miss Austen's and Miss Edgeworth's works rather than books written by gentlemen."

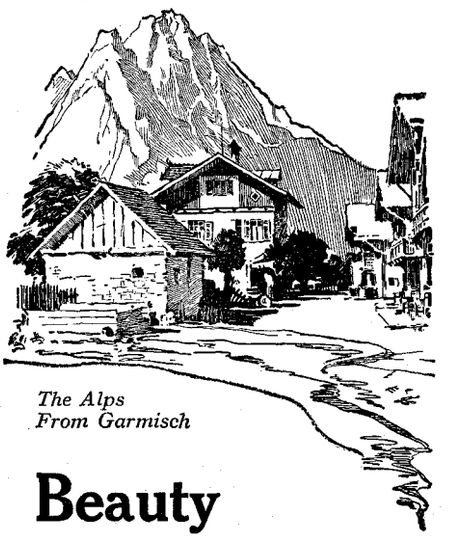
In the shameless present we have no hesitation, despite its intimate revelations of the maiden heart, in recommending this book by a lady not only to members of her own sex, but no less heartily to discriminating gentlemen.

History

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES. By Ralph Volney Harlow, Assistant Professor of History, College of Liberal Arts, Boston University. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $5.

"The volume," says the author, "was written for undergraduates as a means of introducing them to a subject which, when properly presented, will stir their enthusiasm."

To create enthusiasm for history in the breast of the movie-minded undergraduate is a tall order; but, at any rate, this book will not provoke that intense loathing which most text-books deserve. The author is genuinely buoyant, and something of his temper must communicate itself to the most blasé sophomore.



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To be sure, at times the proper liveliness degenerates into a sort of perfunctory chirpiness; but on the whole the book is truly agreeable reading. Moreover, the scholarship is adequate and the lavishly expressed opinions are generally sound.

Polar Expedition

BY AIRPLANE TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE. An Account of an Expedition to Spitzbergen in the Summer of 1923. By Walter Mittelholzer and Others. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

This little book (175 pages) gives an account of an expedition hastily organized by the German Junkers Works to be accessory to Amundsen's projected flight from Point Barrow across the Polar Cap to Europe. Its mission was to deposit a cache of necessaries for the Scandinavian explorer on the ice-pack north of Spitzbergen. When Amundsen changed his plans this expedition, already *en route*, fell back on its secondary aim—to take photographs and cinema views of Spitzbergen from the air. Forty-eight illustrations include many fine panoramic views. The expedition demonstrated the value of air photography for cartographical purposes. There are four maps.

Notes on New Books

RICHARD WAGNER, AS HE LIVED. By William Wallace. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

SHADOWS ON THE PALATINE. By Wilfranc Hubbard. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $2.50.

Essays and dialogues with a Roman background.

POST-WAR BRITAIN. By André Siegfried. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Translated from the French. A Frenchman's view of England.

ANIMAL HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR. By Ernest Harold Baynes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

A readable and well-illustrated book on the part played by animals during the war.

MIND AND ITS PLACE IN NATURE. By Durant Drake. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

By a Professor of Philosophy at Vassar.

THE INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM. By Charles R. Richards. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

A plea for the establishment of industrial museums in America, with descriptions of the four industrial museums of Paris, London, Munich, and Vienna. Well illustrated.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. By Lilian Daly. J. M. Dent & Sons, London. 2s.

For parents and other teachers of religion.

NEVER AGAIN. Everyland Stories. Vol. I. The Everyland Publishing Company, West Medford, Mass. $1.50.

To interest children in the cause of international peace.

THE A B C OF RELATIVITY. By Bertrand Russell. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

To increase the number of persons in the world who can understand Einstein's theory. Originally, we believe, there were six. We have not yet joined that intelligent minority.

CONCERNING THE HABITS OF INSECTS. By F. Balfour-Browne. The University Press, Cambridge.

Chapters on bees and wasps, caterpillars, dragon flies, and others.

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE FAMOUS POEMS, WITH A PROSE SUPPLEMENT. The Cable Company, Chicago. 25c., $1, and $1.50.

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The Mail Bag

An Outraged Octogenarian Veteran Swings a Mighty Club

YOUR (February 10) review of the Mitchell case is the most discreditable thing I have read in The Outlook in ten years. Eighty-three years of open-eyed observation and of life still active—three of them on the field in the Civil War—have not equipped me for solution of the problem you offer. Your writer must have been entertained at the Army and Navy Club and kept in ignorance of the case in question and of the developments in the so-called trial of General Mitchell (for such he will remain to his patriotic fellow-soldiers and countrymen, in spite of General Staff intrigue and accumulated red tape).

If a generation of faithful and brilliant service in the Army of the Republic merits such treatment as yours for a single lapse (supposing that your estimate was as just as it is biased and unfair), no wonder we say that republics are ungrateful. But you are wrong on every point in your article. Your exaltation of discipline, with a big D, is laughable to real soldiers and citizens, who know something greater than discipline—something that discipline must follow and not lead. That something is the National defense, as little served by General Mitchell's assassins as were the tanks by the British Staff, who fought their introduction into trench warfare.

My problem is, Why was the poor old Outlook selected as the goat in this dirty tribute to the West Point and Annapolis snobbery? Why not the "Nation" or the "Mercury" or some of the Bolshevik press? The Outlook, of all the ruck!! The Outlook—once a Roosevelt supporter, when that wonderful leader was promoting and rewarding, instead of court-martialing, a naval officer for the same offense as Mitchell's. To say nothing of Roosevelt's own part in a like offense when he circulated the embalmed beef round robin in Cuba.

Why do you omit the vital facts that Mitchell had tried for years to get the matter before the country through the proper channels and that, as the miscalled "trial" itself developed, his reports were suppressed by the General Staff?

To observers on the ground here and outside the military circle Mr. Coolidge's snap action in this matter is his worst mistake since the appointment of the Secretaries of War and Navy, by whom these scandals are fostered, and he will pay for it dearly.

The General Staff, half of whom have been denounced in the testimony of the highest of our military authorities (now safely on the retired list) as unworthy slackers—this General Staff may yet prove to be Mr. Coolidge's Ballinger.

May I suggest that your representative avoid the Army and Navy Club on his next visit? S. J. MACFARREN.

Once First Lieutenant, I Company, 3-5 Pennsylvania Cavalry, Meade's Headquarters, Appomattox campaign.

The Test of Genius

YOU seem to encourage comments on the articles in The Outlook. May I suggest that there are two sides to the arguments presented by Mrs. Cartland in her "Motherhood in a Democracy," in the number for January 27?

She adduces as an argument for large families the number of geniuses who have come from such families and who were among the latest born. In reading the instances she cites there came at once to my mind the names of John Singer Sargent, the eldest of three; Percy Bysshe Shelley, the eldest of four; Charlotte Brontë, the eldest of three, each one a genius; Abraham Lincoln, the second of three; Edgar Allan Poe, an only child; and George Gordon, Lord Byron, an only child. The number of children evidently has nothing to do with genius, it appears, and that is all we know about it, though when human heredity shall be deemed of as much importance as the heredity of race horses and prize cattle we shall doubtless learn more of its genesis and development.

In a family of twelve there is naturally more chance of a brilliant child than in one of three, but there is the same increased chance of sub-normality. Mrs. Cartland gives several instances of large families of various nationalities in which there were about equal numbers of inferior and superior children, and she claims that the quality improved through the quantity. I can give an equal number of instances where the quality of the children steadily deteriorated, owing to the mother's loss of vitality and strength through excessive maternity.

I happened to be in Los Angeles lately when the papers were giving much publicity to a "patriotic" citizen and his wife who had added twenty-four children to the city's population. I gathered from the reports that these truly patriotic citizens were sub-normal, that all their children were more or less mentally deficient, and that they lived in a hovel in ignorance, filth, and squalor. Had one of the twenty-four been su-

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perior, Mrs. Cartland would doubtless have claimed another instance of her theory that quantity can be depended upon to produce quality; but, even so, would it be profitable to the State or the race to get one superior citizen at the price of twenty-three who would be a public charge?

Mrs. Cartland speaks of the retreat of the American of colonial descent before the advance of the prolific Irish, Polish, Jewish, and Italian immigrants; but as cheap money invariably drives out good money, so the pressure of races with lower ideals and inferior standards of living have throughout history crowded out and will continue to crowd out those with higher standards of comfort and culture. The remedy is to limit the number and kind of immigrants, for it is a law of biology that the lower the type of plants and animals, the more prolific it is. (I have just telephoned to one of the most eminent biologists in the country, and he confirms my statement.) As the type rises, reproduction falls. Should the custodians of culture in the United States—the professors, scientists, literati, men with small families and smaller incomes—emulate the large families of newly arrived immigrants, they would of necessity drop to the same cultural level and revert to type in the struggle for existence.

To prefer quality to quantity, says Mrs. Cartland, is a fallacy; but it is a fallacy that has preserved the culture of the world. Æsop, reflecting the wisdom of the ancient Greeks, gives us a fable in which he represents the lower animals quarreling among themselves as to which of them belonged the credit of producing the most offspring at one birth. They carried their quarrel for precedence to the lioness, and, bowing low before her, asked how many she produced at one birth. The queen of beasts looked down upon them disdainfully. "One," she answered, "but it is a lion."

Philadelphia. IMOGEN B. OAKLEY.

"War and the Law"

PERMIT me to felicitate you upon the clarity and soundness of your editorial, "War and the Law," appearing in The Outlook for December 30. As a student of international law for the past several years, I view the present abortive attempts to "outlaw" war as nothing short of pathetic. The efforts on the part of men in high places to flee from the fact of an exceedingly complicated world mechanism in which friction constantly arises; to shut out from their vision, ostrich-fashion, an intricate and cumulative set of causes for war; and to seek by fiat, ukase, or dictum a desirable surcease from war, betrays either incapacity to grasp the simplest elements contributing to war or naïve timorousness in facing the facts.

As you properly point out, the Permanent Court of International Justice will not do away with war; it will merely delimit the field of friction one step further, and that within a realm of comparatively crystallized law. But as Raymond Leslie Buell declares in the preface to his "International Relations," much of that already settled law never gets into the courts. Political science, in its wider sense, begins where the law ends, and it is to further analysis and study of that *extra*-legal field that we must devote our attention. As each segment of that barely charted region lying outside the law in international relations becomes ripe for regulation, the content of the segment is being formulated into rules, either by the committee of jurists now convened at Geneva (of whom our Mr. Wickersham is a member) or by general law-evidencing conventions to which a large number of states are parties.

What law already exists the Permanent Court of International Justice will apply. In the process of application new rules are formulated, as in our own Federal and State courts. When the factors of international life are sufficiently resolved to permit of the formulation of a rule, the rule will be deduced or devised, and the courts administering international law will take cognizance of those new rules. But there is no royal road to a wholesale regulation of international phenomena. The process is that of all law, which really is reflective of things as they are—slow accretion, revision, amendment, codification—always, however, with an intelligently directed tendency toward that elusive ideal of justice.

It may be an unwelcome thought that vast sections of our international relations are still incapable of being reduced to rule and code. It may indeed be an unwelcome thought, but it should not frighten us or make us less devoted to the task of so shaping and co-ordinating our complicated inter-State relations as to permit the derivation of rules capable of application by a judicial body. Intelligent policy prepares the ground; conference and more intelligence formulates the rule; and judges of unquestioned integrity are applying and will continue to apply the rules to controversies within their jurisdiction.

How absurd, then, to hope for a new order of things by mere fiat, or even to expect such an extension of the law as will reflect, not things as they *are*, but

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things as we ardently hope they *may be?* Such fiat law has little more value than pious resolutions and will be more honored in the breach than in the observance; and it will bring upon itself a contempt and disregard akin to that which we are already experiencing in many fields of our national law.

HENRY REIFF,
Assistant in International Law,
University of Michigan.

Contributors' Gallery

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN is a competent critic of art and music. He has been associated with the New York "Globe" and the "Bookman," and has contributed regularly to the "Independent," the "International Studio," "Musical America," "Musical Quarterly," and other publications.

HENRY WYNANS JESSUP is a prominent New York lawyer and a member of the first Permanent Judicial Commission of the Presbyterian General Assembly. He was born in Beirût, Syria, and is the grandson of William Jessup, of Pennsylvania, who presented to the Chicago Convention the platform on which Lincoln was first elected.

EDMUND PEARSON, who conducts The Outlook's Book Table, is the author of this week's review of the "Intimate Papers of Colonel House." He has written several books on a variety of subjects, but his hobby is the study of certain famous old murder cases. His "Studies in Murder" was brought out by the Macmillan Company last year, and a series of articles on murder are now running in "Vanity Fair" which will, we believe, be later incorporated in a book.

JOHN BAKELESS is a former managing editor of the "Living Age." He is the author of "The Economic Causes of Modern War," and his latest volume, "The Origin of the Next War," in which his article in this week's issue will be included, is being brought out this month.

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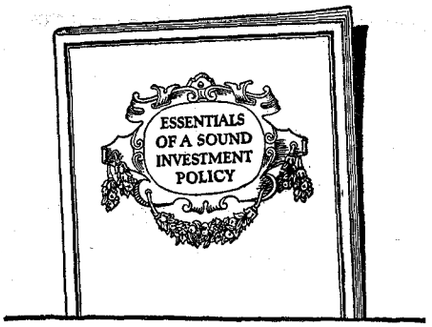

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The Bull Market

WHETHER the bull market, which came a cropper on Tuesday of last week, is at an end or not is at this writing beyond the power of man to know. It has been the greatest of its species for many years. Its end has been predicted for over a year; statistics have been repeatedly cited to demonstrate that it could not possibly last longer; figures have been piled up to prove that its curve had at last reached the crest. The volume of stocks bought and sold has been enormous. Enormous profits have resulted from it for many thousands of people. Many, of course, before the break came suffered losses despite the upward tendency, because of the upward tendency in some instances.

No pronounced market movement such as this can be without important effect on investors and investing. Those who held appreciating stocks had to solve the problem whether to sell and take their profits or to hold and possibly get more. Those whose stocks did not gain might well have paused to inquire whether there was something the matter with their investments. Were they "dead" ones, were they really conservative, was an advance in them likely?

Nothing is so great an unsettler as a great bull market, unless it be a great bear market. Itself caused by a variety of circumstances not altogether easily understood or understandable, the fact of stocks rising by leaps and bounds generates a kind of fever in the public. Speculation is sure to follow, and what might have remained a normal, steady growth in market prices threatens to become gambling.

It has often been stated in these columns that The Outlook does not attempt to join the array of those who predict or forecast stock-market changes. Our idea of investment minimizes the transitory buy-and-sell fluctuations of the exchanges. Yet we do not by any means ignore the exchanges, nor do we see any reason why the investor should not hope and expect to purchase securities which will appreciate in value as time goes on. We emphasize the bond for many investors because the bond is, broadly speaking, less subject to market

There are now listed on the New York Stock Exchange $21,748,996,000 bonds, against $12,894,233,000 January 1, 1914, a gain of $8,854,763,000. This does not include Liberty Bonds totaling over $14,000,000,000.

The great increase in bond and stock listings the past twelve years gives an idea of the extraordinary general growth in wealth of the United States, as it reflects the vast amount of money going into new enterprises.

There are now 1,359 bond issues listed, against 1,073 in 1914. The following gives listings of various groups January 1, 1926, and January 1, 1914:

BONDS LISTED

January 1, 1926—July 30, 1914

	[1] 1926 Amt. listed	[1] 1914 Amt. listed	[1] Changes	Issues listed 1926	1914
Railroads	$10,169,336	$8,125,344	Inc. $2,043,992	725	736
Misc. St. Rys.	5,814,128	2,736,911	Inc. 3,077,217	441	255
Frgn. govt. & cities.	3,381,630	514,087	Inc. 2,867,543	121	9
U. S. govt.	[2] 1,463,524	897,797	Inc. 565,727	10	10
N. Y. C. & cities	716,887	423,233	Inc. 293,654	35	35
States, U. S.	187,551	177,961	Inc. 9,590	22	21
Cities & count.	15,940	18,900	Dec. 2,960	5	7
Total	21,748,996	12,894,233	Inc. 8,854,763	1,359	1,073

[1] 000 omitted; [2] United States War Bonds not included.

—*Daily Newspaper.*

This clipping should be read with these comments on the bull market in mind

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ups and downs than the stock, though exceptions occasionally seem to disprove the rule. But, in spite of our lofty attitude toward markets in general and this market in particular, we would like to take this occasion to make a few remarks.

Some Boston student of things financial recently made an interesting little study of the record of some twenty or more standard investment stocks which he assumed were purchased in 1913. At that time prices were high, and the yield on the money put into these stocks was below the average yield for that year. They were "high-priced" stocks. In his study he followed these stocks for about ten years. They had most substantially appreciated in value. Their yield had risen so that the average was well above the ordinary yield for good investments for this period. Taking all the stocks together in a pool, and allowing for the losses, the final result was excellent.

From this experiment many conclusions can be drawn. An obvious one is that diversification pays. An equally obvious one is that buying for the long pull is good policy provided it is intelligently applied. Perhaps a less obvious conclusion is that, over a fair period of time, *some stocks are always in a bull market.*

This should not be interpreted literally. It is not true that some stocks are always rising in market price. But it is true that some stocks are rising in value, and that this growth in value is, sooner or later, perhaps almost constantly, perhaps only intermittently, reflected in market price.

If we stop to think for a moment, there is nothing very startling in this statement. Without mentioning names, the reader can doubtless point to corporations, lusty young infants a decade or so ago, now giants in the Nation, and indeed in the world. Ten years ago many of the great industrial combinations had passed the infant stage and were mature, substantial entities. Today they are more mature, more substantial. Their stockholders, as the salesman of fake stocks is certain to point out, being partners, profited accordingly. Their "bull market" resulted, not from the vagaries of the exchanges, but from the fact that wisely managed industries, producing necessities, can hardly fail to grow in a growing nation like the United States.

So far we have referred only to stocks in connection with the bull market. But bonds also have been affected. Just in what ways it would take many lines to describe. Bonds have not, naturally, had

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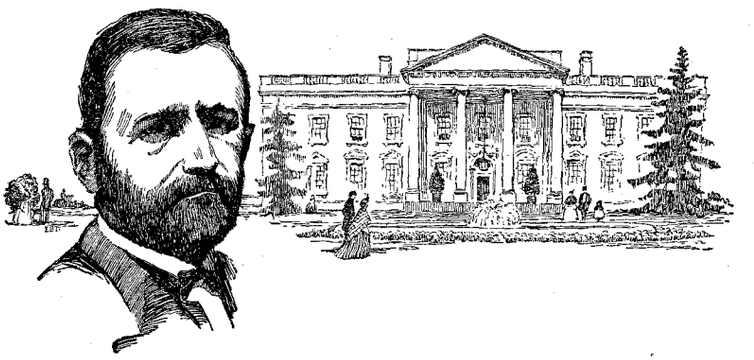

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the violent upswing of stocks. Being fixed interest-bearing instruments, their averages have been regulated by money rates, which in turn are regulated by the supply and demand of money and credit While the holder of bonds has not, throughout this market, had the profits which have fallen into the lap of the stockholder, neither has he had the excitement or the worry. He has learned that steadiness of money income can be attained to a very remarkable degree through bonds, and that the noise and tumult of the bulls and bears need bother him but little.

Our own impression of the great bull market is that it is more a manifestation of National growth than it is an evidence of the speculative spirit. We believe that on the whole, for a great many stocks, new and fairly permanent levels have been reached and that the sane development of the country's business in the next few years will prove that both the partners—*i. e.*, the stockholders and the bondholders alike—though in different ways, will reap the advantages of carefully chosen investments during this period.

W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

HERE is another little analysis of some stocks which are more or less —perhaps less—familiar to many of our readers:

1. Electric Investors. This is a consolidation of an old company with the Electric Utilities Corporation. It owns the common and preferred stocks of many public utility companies, among them being some of the largest and best-managed in the country. There are authorized 1,000,000 shares of Electric Investors common, no par, and 50,000 shares of 7 per cent cumulative preferred. The common was offered at $48 per share. It is now quoted at 67 and 68. There is no funded debt. Dividends are being paid on the preferred.

Our opinion is that the management of the concern is first rate in every way, and that in all likelihood the value of the shares will appreciate over a period of years.

2. Rickenbacker Motors. This was incorporated in 1921. It owns the Disteel Wheel factory as well as the capital stock of Trippensee Closed Body Corporation. There is an issue of 7,500,000 authorized shares of common stock, nearly all of which is outstanding. The par is $10. It is listed on the Detroit

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Stock Exchange. The price has ranged from $6 to nearly par. Dividends have been paid, but not regularly. There is no funded debt. We would consider this stock to be speculative, but not "wildly" so.

3. Reo Motors. Without going into details we should call this strong investment stock. It has made money for its owners in the past and may very likely do so in the future.

ONCE in a while it may be permitted for us to ask our readers a question. What about this list of securities?

6 shares General Motors common,
7 shares United Light and Power preferred,
6 shares Penn Ohio Edison preferred,
20 shares Bangor and Aroostook preferred,
20 shares Kayser & Co. preferred,
24 shares Kayser & Co. common,
8 shares Continental Gas and Electric participating preferred,
11 shares Texas Oil,
19 shares Swedish-American Investment Company,
5 shares St. Louis and San Francisco preferred,
20 shares Northern Ontario Light and Power.

Our view was that this is not, as a whole, "a pure investment list." "Broadly speaking," we said, "your list is a well-diversified list of holdings typical of a business man's investments. That is to say, there is a very good chance of appreciation of principal, no undue risk, and very fair earning power."

IT is always difficult to draw comparisons. A reader in California recently asked us to state whether we thought the F. H. Smith mortgage bonds, paying 7 per cent, are as safe as the S. W. Straus bonds "yielding as high as 6.40 per cent." We answered:

"We consider both the F. H. Smith Company of Washington and the S. W. Straus Company of New York to be reliable concerns. As to which is the more reliable, or as to which sells the more conservative bonds, we are unable to say. We always urge prospective investors in these securities to study the statements put out on the issue and make up their minds on the basis of available information. In many cases the difference in interest rates is due to the different locality of the loan. For example, interest rates are higher in the South than in the North.

"We always point out that real estate mortgage bonds are not as readily marketable as listed securities, and that it is

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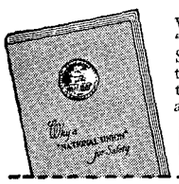

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therefore unwise to put money into them which might be needed at short notice."

HOLDERS of some foreign securities, and at this time particularly holders of French securities, have something to worry about. A reader in Louisiana who bought in 1920 a hundred thousand French internal 4s at a price in excess of $6,000 has asked our advice as to selling now and taking his loss, or "waiting with the view that these bonds will enhance in value." He recognizes that if he waits there is a chance that the entire value will vanish.

This is a hard nut to crack. On the one hand, France is a very rich country whose difficulties are, apparently, only temporary. If this is the case, and if the natural energy and honesty of the people have a chance, the bonds should be paid in full eventually and the franc should rise. There are many people who believe that the worst has passed. On the other hand, if our reader can afford to take the loss and can put his money into something which will both give a good income return and have a fair chance of appreciation, this might be the best policy.

In short, no man living can with complete assurance answer this question with a simple "Yes" or "No."

MR. C. O. HARDY, of the Institute of Economics, has called our attention to an error in the review of "Interest Rates and Stock Speculation," which appeared in these pages recently. We said that the authors of this very interesting book did not point out the situation with regard to bonds. We erred; they did, in Appendix H.

To make up for our slip we quote with pride this sentence from Mr. Hardy's letter: "You give a much better idea of the contents of the book than do most reviewers, and we thank you for it."

"MY mother," says a letter to this department, "made her will some time ago and left all property to her two sons, my brother and myself. My brother died recently, leaving a wife, but no children. Should my mother change her will? My sister-in-law has property of her own, and it is my mother's wish to have it all go to me."

This inquiry raises several points. It is difficult to answer the main question without reading the will. In case a legatee dies before the testator—*i. e.*, the person who makes the will—it is the general rule that, unless the will discloses a contrary intention, the legacy lapses. If the legatee has children, they take the property, the theory being that children are a continuation of the father or mother, but that the wife or husband is not. In case of any doubt whatever it is best to do what we suggested to our friend, namely, that his mother go over her will with an experienced lawyer and secure his advice.

If a will is to be changed, it must be changed in accordance with correct precedent—and most of us do not know instinctively what that is.

THE following answer to a reader in North Carolina may be of interest to others who have been wondering about the same securities:

"In regard to Penn Seaboard Steel, this company, as you know, has been through a reorganization and seems to be in process of building up its business.

"In regard to the American Woolen Company, we consider that this is one of the strong textile companies in the United States, and that it has suffered from the general textile depression as well as from necessary changes in the direction of economy in its own organization. There have been rumors that the preferred stock dividend might not be paid, but so far these have proved without foundation.

"Atlanta, Birmingham, and Atlantic Railway. I think it is true that this company has turned the corner. Its net earnings in 1925 were $112,000 as against $96,000 in 1924.

"The Radio Corporation stock is still speculative, but there are real assets in this company and important interests behind it."

A REPORT to a reader in Massachusetts on several listed stocks may be of value to others:

"Mohican Copper and Central Copper are speculative stocks and are not paying dividends at the present time.

"International Cement is a very fair stock, the common being not quite of investment class. It pays $4 a year. The preferred we would rate higher. It pays $7.

"As to National Public Service, dividends are being paid at the rate of 40 cents a share on the common, and 7 per cent on the preferred. We would consider the common still speculative, and the preferred a fair risk, but not a sound investment."

A RECENT letter from a reader about the Morris Plan banks suggests that some information on these institutions will be of general interest.

These banks are named for their founder, Arthur J. Morris. They were started in 1910, and there are now over

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one hundred of them in this country. The parent organization is the Industrial Financial Corporation of New York. The purpose of these banks is to lend money at reasonable rates to people whose credit requirements are, as a rule, less than those handled at a commercial bank—professional men, tradesmen, clerks, and workingmen. The loans are from $50 to $5,000. Co-ordinated with this scheme is an insurance society which insures the lives of the borrowers. Morris Plan banks operate under the supervision of the various State banking departments.

Not because it is of great interest in itself to our readers, but because it gives an idea of the kind of service this department can render, we copy a letter recently sent to an inquiring reader:

"Answering your letter of February 8, I find the following: 1. St. Louis Transit 5s of 1924 were quoted in August, 1908, at 86½ bid. 2. There was a sale on February 28, 1923, on the New York Stock Exchange at 84. I have secured the following quotations as of February 11 (1925) bonds, bid 71; certificates stamped as to payment of interest, 71; single certificates stamped as to payment of April, 1924, interest, 68½ bid; double stamped as to payment of April and October interest, 66 bid.

"As to the present status of the receivership, we have been unable to obtain any recent information. The chairman of the Bondholders' Protective Committee is Edwin M. Bulkley, 25 Broad Street, New York City, to whom you, as a bondholder, might well write for information."

Some one in New Jersey has quite a lot of good bonds on which he can show a good profit. Aside from income-tax considerations, he is puzzled to know what to do. He suggests selling and buying other bonds at a lower price. We concurred:

"Sell those which are now quoted above their call price, or, if there is no call price, above par. Reinvest either in bonds which will yield 5½ per cent or 6 per cent, or else in good investment stocks. In this way you will consolidate your profit and increase your capital."

How many bond-owners ever realize that most bonds have a call price, and that every now and then bonds sell at more than the call figure? In such cases it is fairly safe to sell, because as the bond nears maturity it will tend to drop towards par, and at any time during this period it may be called. In either event the profit has been lost—because it has not been taken.

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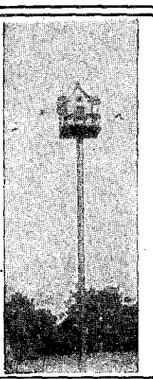

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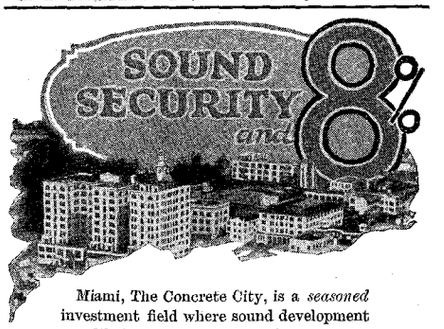

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Gophering

By Bill Adams

THE sugar's in the muscat grape, the flush is on the nectarine. This afternoon I staked my chrysanthemums, and while so doing was watched by a horned toad, who, upreared on his hind legs, rested his fore feet on the nectarine tree. He is a relic of ages bygone, and set me to thinking of the brontosaurus (whom he somewhat resembles), of evolution, and of the mysteries of God. There are two of his kind living on the back of my lots. One is of a pale sandy color, a sleepy-seeming little fellow who closes his eyes when I pick him up and makes no comment. This one is of a darker brown. When I lift him, he opens his jaws in anger. But if I put a fly on his lip he swallows it eagerly; though, as yet, he refuses to make friends. While he leaned on the tree, almost indiscernible against its similarly colored trunk, a squash-bug started to ascend his back. But the backward-pointing spikes of the toad, which safeguard him from becoming the prey of a snake, proved an almost insurmountable obstacle, and the bug toppled over and fell to the ground three times. When he finally conquered a passage over the toad to the tree-trunk, the toad paid no heed whatever, except to close his left eye while the insect passed over it. These little reptile fellows enjoy the hottest days. I would like to know the history of their race. The reason for their protective spikes is plain. But how came they so?

A while ago I had a visit from a gopher. If the damage done by gophers in one year in California could be set down, what a sum it would be! I have known one to nibble the bark from around three mature orange trees in one night—fatal, of course, to the trees. One may save a tree by root grafting; by lifting a root, bringing it back to the tree, slicing it smooth, inserting it beneath the bark above the injury, and there tacking it down. The root thus forms a bridge up which sap may flow, to keep the tree alive until the wounds heal. But the tree will be too weak to resist a cold winter or a drought. Better to dig it out and let its fellows benefit by the extra space.

This gopher appeared half-way across my lots one morning; or, rather, the mound of earth thrown out of his burrow in the night did so. I hoped that he had not eaten the roots of my two-year-old vines along the fence while on his way toward my flowers from the bare lots beyond. I bought a trap, and set it for him, and next morning found a shred of his fur therein; so I knew that further trapping would be vain. I bought ten cents' worth of gas balls, burned them in his burrow that evening, and went to bed in peace. One gas ball is supposed to be enough. Three would certainly destroy him. But when morning came again I saw that he had thrown up a new mound, nearer to my flowers. "You small son of a gun, I'll fix you!" I said, and, having bought a dozen gas balls, gave him the benefit of the lot. Then I went away for three days. When I came home, the missis said, "Your gopher's back." I went to the garden, to find that he had been having a fine time in my larkspur Digging showed me that he must have blocked his burrow while I was setting the gas balls in place. It was solidly plugged a couple of feet back from where I had set them, and he had made a new runway around their residue. I went to town and bought poison. "I'll fix you this time," said I. What with traps, gas balls, and poison, I had now spent $1.50. My missis said, "You mustn't swear so."

Next morning I found the poisoned bait that I had set so carefully scornfully smothered, the old runway abandoned for a new one. More of my larkspur was gone down his burrow.

"You little son of a sea cook, I'll show you who's boss!" I said, and went to digging him out. His burrow was about eighteen inches below the surface, and I followed it across the forty feet to my fence and out to the bare lots beyond. Digging was hard there, so I gave him up for the day, and for three days thereafter kept him out by digging him back each day. On the fourth day I said, "Now that you're good and hungry, I'll get you." I set a trap in the dry earth beyond my fence and baited it with fresh larkspur—more flowers sacrificed. Next morning I had him. He was caught by the loose skin of his jowl, and uninjured. I turned him loose on the surface to see what he would do. He rose on his haunches to threaten me, then started to hurriedly dig a new burrow. In ten minutes he was out of sight, and there was a large mound of back-pushed earth at my feet. I dug him out.

Could I kill him in cold blood? This business of making a living against heavy odds and monstrous enemies is no joke for man or gopher. I carried him off to the center of a large tract of bare land, and gave him his freedom. A foolish, sentimental thing to do. But what's life without a bit of sentiment?

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

New York

HURRICANE LODGE and Cottages
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.

Comfortable, homelike. Altitude 1,800 feet. Extensive verandas overlooking Keene Valley. Trout fishing. Camping. Swimming pool. Golf links; mile course 9 well-kept greens. Tennis and croquet. Fresh vegetables. Fine dairy. Furnished cottages, all improvements. Separate suites and single rooms. Open from June 15 to Oct. 1. For further information address until May 1, K. Belknap, Mgr., 776 James St., Syracuse, N. Y., after that date Hurricane Lodge, Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.

North Carolina

THE
Manor
Albemarle Park, Asheville, N. C.

A "perfectly charming" English Inn in the glorious Land of the Sky. Southern hospitality, perfect service, concentrated comfort.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
Three splendid courses.

ALBERT H. MALONE, Manager
Write for booklet.

In America--An English Inn

Wyoming

A GREAT VACATION
Trapper Lodge, Sixteen-Bar-One Ranch
Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyoming
In Big Horn Mountain cow country. Horseback riding, lake and stream fishing. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete mountain-top camp maintained. For reservations write GAY WYMAN, Mgr.

Real Estate

Maine

MAINE Cottages and Farms in PENOBSCOT BAY VALLEY.
ORRIN J. DICKEY, BELFAST, MAINE.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast. Furnished cottages with or without bath, 2 to 10 rooms. $75 to $500 season. Eva Whitehouse, 136 W. 70th St., New York City.

Real Estate

Massachusetts

SEASHORE HOMES IN NEW ENGLAND SUMMER RENTALS—SALES
North and South Shores of Massachusetts
Cape Cod
The Summer Vacationland of America
1926 Catalog of Listings Sent on Request
HENRY W. SAVAGE, Inc.
10 State Street, Boston, Mass. Est. 1840
SECURE YOUR SUMMER HOME NOW

New Hampshire

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

New York

Fresh Air Home For Sale Several acres
and 2 buildings well equipped for 30 children. Splendid location for permanent or summer work. Philanthropic organization may purchase at cost price. Address 4,779, Outlook.

Vermont

Summer home, cool, comfortable, roomy. Surroundings wonderfully beautiful. Must be sold before April. Ask for views. Full particulars. CHARLES BILLINGS, Bethel, Vt.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL stationery, 200 single sheets, 100 envelopes, postpaid, $1.00, west of Mississippi River $1.10. White bond paper, blue ink, printed top center only. Cash with order. Rue Publishing Co., Denton, Md.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

REAL SERVICE NURSE REGISTRY supplies both MALE and FEMALE NURSES of the HIGHEST TYPE to go anywhere, at short notice. Address "REALSERVICE," P.O. Box 1641, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

HELP WANTED

A man of education and refinement, preferably between ages of thirty and forty-five, *to be companion to elderly gentleman.* Must be tactful and of kindly disposition. Delightful home. References required. 6,693, Outlook.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite J-5842, Washington, D. C.

RECREATION DIRECTOR WANTED—For large city school for school year 1926-7; man with experience in organizing. State experience and credentials. 6,725, Outlook.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lund Ave., Chicago.

WANTED, April 1, reliable middle aged couple. Comfortable room and bath in home of lady living alone on small country place in Maryland. Man to run gasoline engine, keep grounds in order, be generally useful. Wife cooking, housework, no laundry. Only those loving country and dogs need apply. References required. 6,708, Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's helper for four children, ages 8, 6, 5, and 1¾ years, three of whom attend school. Give references. Address Mrs. W. H. Worrilow, Lebanon, Pa.

WANTED — Protestant working housekeeper, not over 45 years, capable of directing help, with some knowledge of practical nursing when needed. Best of references required. Address "Penllyn," Whippany Road, Morristown, N. J.

For other Classified Advertising see next page

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SITUATIONS WANTED

BUSINESS manager—Girls' school, dormitory, or institution. Master's degree in business administration from large university. Experienced business manager of university dormitory and large hospital. Are you looking for young woman with health, character, brains? Address 6,711, Outlook.

CAPABLE Protestant woman will exchange services for Atlantic passage in May. 6,709, Outlook.

CAPABLE young woman, pleasing personality, successful with children, some hospital training, wishes position—companion, institutional work or any position of trust. Pleasant environment, moderate salary. A1 references. 6,729, Outlook.

COMPANION, (practical) nurse, governess, or management of a home, by a refined, wide-awake woman. References. 6,715, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady violinist (teacher) desires position in summer camp. Would also go as companion; speaks French, German, English. 6,713, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, trained teacher, well recommended, for child needing special care at home. 6,735, Outlook.

FRENCH woman, professor, Sorbonne graduate, will accept position as traveling tutor for summer. References exchanged. 6,733, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER—Good cook, fine sewer, executive, orderly. 6,714, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPING—Governess or companion refined, middle aged, experienced, for children or elderly couple. Motherless home preferred. Last position 2 years. Highest references. 6,736, Outlook.

INTELLIGENT woman wishes position traveling companion. 6,719, Outlook.

LADY of culture, ability, and experience, with son attending school, wishes position as housekeeper, or any position of trust, with business or elderly people in country. Highest credentials. Moderate remuneration. 6,717, Outlook.

LADY of refinement, at present dietitian in girls' school, wishes position in summer camp. Best of references. 6,718, Outlook.

POSITION taking charge of household and children while parents travel (either here or abroad) desired by experienced woman. 6,722, Outlook.

SCHOLARSHIP college student desires employment for summer—governess, companion, clerical. Will travel. Minimum salary expected. Excellent references. 6,723, Outlook.

SHOULD like position as traveling companion to woman during summer months. Will attend to traveling arrangements. Telephone, University 5867-R. 6,721, Outlook.

SUPERINTENDENT, woman, experienced with boys and girls, wishes position in institution or child placing agency. References. 6,732, Outlook.

TUTOR — Williams graduate, Columbia architectural student, desires position as tutor to travel in Europe during coming summer. Best references as to character and personality. 6,734, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion by cultured American girl, well recommended. Will travel. 6,720, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture and education, 34, English, experienced secretary-housekeeper governess, 6 years America, wants position April or later, where executive ability is needed, possibly in motherless home. At present employed. Highest references given. Good salary asked, but, above all, congenial surroundings desired and appreciated. 6,706, Outlook.

YALE student, experienced, desires summer position as tutor or companion. Would consider good camp position. 6,731, Outlook.

YOUNG physician desires to travel America or Europe as personal physician. References. 6,737, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, university graduate and experienced teacher, wishes a summer position as tutor or companion. 6,728, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—Woman or man competent to share in the management of a successful camp for girls in the White Mountains. Partnership basis. No capital required. 6,726, Outlook.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADY will take into her summer home, young daughters, brother and sister, or two brothers or sisters, between twelve and eighteen years of age whose parents or guardians are going to Europe or traveling. Highest references essential. 6,730, Outlook.

WANTED—Partner to enroll campers for horseback trips, Yellowstone Park. Box 31, Jackson, Wyo.

"MAKE-BELIEVE" sister wanted, domestic, cultured, middle aged, to share woman's home in Berkshires on fifty-fifty basis. 6,727, Outlook.

By the Way

OF course, you have seen the advertisements in popular magazines offering to write a song melody for your original verses and guaranteeing publication by a music house. The Government recently brought the New York Music Studios into court for offering to set tunes to amateurs' lyrics, claiming that they use the subterfuge of publishing only a few copies of the song through a co-operating company, the World Music Company. Two hundred copies are sent to the amateur for his ninety dollars' payment, which allows a very good profit for the melody company. The Government, however, was unable to prosecute successfully because witnesses who purchased the tunes for their verses testified that they were satisfied. A clothes presser of Scranton, Pennsylvania, said that he made no money out of his song, but that he did secure the satisfaction of seeing his name in print and of having his song played at parties by the local orchestras. Other witnesses with similar testimony were a coal miner, a steel worker, and a sixty-year-old scrubwoman. It was shown that 4,000 tunes have been sold and published by the defendants. The presiding justice refused to act, saying that "the Government cannot be a nurse for every idiot."

A man sitting next to the toastmaster at a banquet fell asleep while the chief speaker was talking. The toastmaster hit him on the head with his gavel to wake him up. He awoke, hesitated a minute, and then said, softly: "Hit me again; I can still hear him."

Figures released by the Labor Department in Washington show that it now takes $1.64 to buy one dollar's worth of foodstuffs reckoned by the 1913 standards. Food prices during the year 1925 went up six per cent. Even so, the American people managed to save a good deal. During 1925 they took out $15,400,000,000 worth of new life insurance.

"Aunt Elsie," a bedtime-story teller of a Seattle broadcast station, was arrested recently on the charge of interjecting code instructions and warnings to rum-running vessels during her radio tales of "Uncle Wiggly and His Experiences in Bedtime Land."

At a recent banquet in New York an admiral spoke for over an hour. The general who followed him was allotted twenty minutes, but held forth for a full hour. William Collier, the third and last speaker, arose and exclaimed, "Now I know why they say 'The Army and Navy forever.'"

Radio station KFNF, of Shenandoah, Iowa, received 126,000 return messages in answer to one broadcast prize contest. This is said to be the world's record for radio returns. Ten Western Union telegraphers from Omaha and others from Des Moines were kept busy night and day receiving the messages.

Tom—"Hello, Harry; been hunting?"
Harry—"Yes."
Tom—"Shoot anything?"
Harry—"Shot my dog."
Tom—"Why, was he mad?"
Harry—"Well, he didn't act pleased."

A London theatrical critic writes to this country as follows:

"Why do you Americans so often send to Europe plays which insult your own country? 'Lawful Larceny' made a New York judge the friend of crooks. 'Silence' made a district attorney so revengeful that, to compromise his enemy, he put a fake Roman Catholic priest into a condemned man's cell. Now 'The House of Glass' makes a Governor of New York State the chief party to a graft. And are your only jokes about cocktails?

"I do not know whether such things are true about your country; but I don't believe it. If such plays are to be written, they should be acted at home, not exported to Europe to defame your good repute as much as so many American films do."

"We wanted we should name her Ruth," said the proud mother, "but grandpa he couldn't say 'Ruth.' Then John say we name her Elizabeth, but grandma she couldn't say 'Elizabeth.' So we name her Wiolet."

Satan is most popular in the motion pictures. Some recent film titles are "The Devil's Purse," "Hell's Highroad," "Satan in Sables," "Hell's 400," "Satan's Sister," "Hell's Trail," "Hell-Bent fer Heaven," and "The Devil's Horse."

The long life of "Abie's Irish Rose," which has entered its fifth year on Broadway, has always been a marvel to us. We now learn that a company is on its way to Australia to play this American classic in the antipodes. We also notice that the new moving picture "The Cohens and the Kellys" has adopted the same plot with astonishing success and that the Victor Phonograph Company has followed suit by reproducing a record entitled "Cohen and Kelly," which they expect to be their best seller.

"Did your last employer give you a reference?"

"Yes; but it doesn't seem to be any good."

"What does he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men the firm ever turned out."

The bell-hops of the large New York hotels, who, as almost every one knows, are the means whereby out-of-town guests obtain illegal liquor, have worked out the following system: When the guest rings for the bell-boy and asks if booze can be obtained, the boy replies that he will see what can be done. He then makes an inquiry at the desk as to what city the guest hails from, and informs the bootlegger of the purchaser's home town, so that he can charge "home-town prices." In other words, if you are from the West coast, the price is twenty dollars a quart; if you are from Chicago, fifteen dollars a quart, etc. The prevailing price in New York for sales in hotels is ten dollars a quart. The bell-boys claim to be well rewarded for their ingenuity.

Neighbor: "So Edward got his M.A."

Edward's Father: "Yes, but his P.A. still supports him."

Here is a riddle entitled "What am I?"

My mission is manifold. I am in the service of the rich and the poor, and though I am their devoted servant, I am often belabored with blows.

In olden times I was carefully protected, but now have no abiding-place and am tossed hither and yon by careless hands.

I am a true friend to those in distress, ever ready to bind up their wounds and to dry the falling tear.

In time of war hostilities cease at my beckon, and in victory the conquering hero acknowledges my greeting.

Answer next week.

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, INC.

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